

**Out of Time**

written by

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OUT OF TIME

**EXT. MCDERMOTT FAMILY HOUSE (OCT 21 1985) - DAY**

ARTY McDERMOTT, 17, a good-looking kid, comes out of the house and opens the garage door, revealing A TRICKED OUT BLACK 4x4.

Arty can't believe it. The personalized licence plate says "ARTY 1."

Arty approaches his new car.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

How about a ride, mister?

Arty turns - it's SUZY PARKER, 17, an attractive, long blonde-haired girl.

Arty looks at her, as if trying to make sure she's real. Suzy is hard-pressed to understand why Arty is making such a big deal about this.

SUZY PARKER

Arty, are you okay? You're acting like you haven't seen me in a week.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I haven't.

He pulls her towards him... they're about to kiss... closer.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Bedside digital alarm CLOCK displays 8:25 AM. PAN over to...

Flowery middle-aged wallpaper on a bedroom wall.

A FRAMED NEWSPAPER cutting with the headline:

**LOCAL MUSIC EXECUTIVE HONOURED**

Under the headline is a happy late-twenties ARTY MCDERMOTT holding a gold disk, flanked by two middle-aged suits.

Continue PAN to...

Novelty clock of HAROLD LLOYD HANGING from a clock face, from the movie "Safety Last!" The clock face reads 8:25.

Another FRAMED NEWSPAPER cutting reads:

**MISSING LOCAL INVENTOR PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN DECLARED DEAD**

Under are two pictures; a smiling white-haired octogenarian and a head-shot of ARTY MCDERMOTT in his THIRTIES.

PAN to more flowery wallpaper... Then...

ARTY MCDERMOTT, 47, his boyish good looks aged into handsome middle-age, sits in a flowery CHAIR. He sits still, in shorts and a T-Shirt, staring at something to his left.

Further PAN to...

Bedside MEDICAL EQUIPMENT on stands and a nightstand. A large colorful 'early warning' monitor displays heart rate, blood pressure etc.

A bag of clear fluid hangs from a stand, slowly dripping liquid into a plastic tube.

PAN further to reveal...

In a HOSPITAL BED, next to a regular single bed, is SUZY MCDERMOTT, 47, her flowing hair long gone, her BOLD HEAD covered in a surgical cap, her face emaciated but still angelic, especially for a woman in her condition.

PULL OUT to reveal Arty staring at his ill, sleeping wife.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
One day he'll return and I'll put  
all this right. I promise.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

The McDermott kitchen is modern and large.

Arty takes TWO BOWLS from a cupboard, turns and WALKS TOWARDS the kitchen ISLAND breakfast bar.

He walks faster and FASTER, until he walks straight PASSED the island, UNABLE TO STOP HIMSELF.

He continues to walk faster until he walks INTO the giant refrigerator door, banging his head and dropping the bowls.

The bowls SMASH on the ground with an enormous CRASH.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Son of a...

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Suzy is awake and sat up in bed. Arty sits facing her, FEEDING HER PORRIDGE from a bowl with a small spoon.

Arty offers a fresh spoonful of strawberry porridge.

Suzy SHAKES her head.

SUZY MCDERMOTT  
No more.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Try. You have to eat.

Arty's HAND begins to TREMBLE. The tremble becomes a SHAKE. The shake a SPASM.

He SPILLS the porridge down the FRONT of Suzy.

His eyes close tight and his HEAD DROPS.

She puts a HAND on his ARM and speaks SOFTLY.

SUZY MCDERMOTT  
Take your meds, darling.

Arty NODS and places the bowl on a table trolley by the bed.

SUZY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Our past is written...  
(a beat)  
... but your future isn't.

Arty nods weakly again, not entirely convinced.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Armed with a long-handled BROOM and DUSTPAN, Arty attempts to BRUSH the smashed bowl pieces into the dustpan, but he lacks the dexterity and control to do it.

The broken bowls REFUSE to be pushed into the dustpan, and instead just stop stubbornly at the dustpan lip.

Arty begins to lose his patience, sweeping the pieces HARDER and FASTER, but with no better results.

The pieces CRASH loudly together.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Mister McDermott?

Arty looks up, suddenly SURPRISED by the Doctor's presence in his kitchen.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Yeah, what's up, Doc?

Arty WINCES, embarrassed by his choice of words.

DOCTOR HOPKINS, early 30s, is fit and healthy, exactly what Arty was before his diagnosis. If he wasn't a doctor then he could have been a Hollywood actor.

The Doctor NOTICES the BROKEN BOWLS on the floor.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Mister McDermott, I've examined  
your wife, and, well, the prognosis  
is not good.

Arty LEANS against the kitchen island.

DOCTOR HOPKINS (CONT'D)  
Would you like to sit down?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm fine. Just give it to me  
straight, Doc.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Well, we both know she wouldn't get  
any better. What's surprising is  
how quickly she's got worse.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
How much worse, Doc?

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Maybe you really should sit down?

The Doctor LEANS across and GRABS a STOOL from the breakfast bar island. He SLIDES it NOISILY up against Arty's legs.

Arty RELUCTANTLY, awkwardly, CLIMBS onto the stool.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
She's critical, near the end.

Arty INHALES sharply.

DOCTOR HOPKINS (CONT'D)  
She needs you now more---

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
How long has she got?

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Well, we can never be precise.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Doc, how long does my wife have to live?

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Days. Weeks, maybe.

Arty looks SHAKEN.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Thanks for being honest with me.

The Doctor places a reassuring HAND on Arty's SHOULDER, SQUEEZING as the words sink in.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Now, I have to ask... How are you?

Arty looks SURPRISED.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Me? I'm fine. It's not about me.

The Doctor gives Arty a PATRONISING look.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Suzy told me about your shake this morning. I saw the food you spilling, and those smashed bowls.

Arty looks AMBUSHED.

DOCTOR HOPKINS (CONT'D)  
She tells me you've not always been taking your meds?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm not sure it's still having a positive effect. I think it's causing increased dyskinesias.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Why don't you drop by my office and we'll get you checked out? There may be some supplemental drugs we can try.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Whatever you say, Doc.

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
What about the hallucinations and delusions?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Not happened in ages Doc. I still get the lucid dreams but---

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
How's your physiotherapy going?

But Arty has stopped listening.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Doc, I'd like to be alone with my wife if that's ok?

DOCTOR HOPKINS  
Of course, of course.

The young Doctor moves towards the hallway.



DOCTOR HOPKINS (CONT'D)  
I'll show myself out. Call my  
office to make that appointment.

Arty rises purposefully from the stool and walks in the opposite direction.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Suzy is ASLEEP in her hospital bed.

Arty sits on the edge of his bed, staring lovingly at her.

He looks at the BOTTLE OF TABLETS in his hand. The label reads:

**SINEMET L-DOPA**

He unscrews the lid, shakes out tablets into his hand, pops them into his mouth then washes them down.

He goes back to staring silently at his ill wife, just watching her breath.

**INT. DEN - DAY**

Arty sits in a large leather chair, before an ornate, expensive, sturdy wooden desk.

On the desk sits a brand new 2015 Apple MacBook Pro laptop.

On screen, a video chat window shows the head and shoulders of MARC MCDERMOTT, 55, a healthy, white-haired man, in trendy sportswear, a beige cap, with a sparkle in his eyes.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
When did you last leave the house?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I have to be here for Suzy.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Hire a nurse. You need to get out,  
move around.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I don't know...

MARC MCDERMOTT  
You have to think of your own  
health too.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I want to be here, when she... I  
don't want her to be alone.

The image breaks up, into artefacts, the sound STUTTERING,  
showing the limitations of 2015 15Mbps broadband.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
You're breaking up... Sorry... What  
did you say?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Nothing.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Do you know what your problems is,  
Arty?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
No, but I'm sure my corporate whore  
brother is about to tell me?

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Your problem is that you're not  
living.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Ah, not this again, Marc.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Your life is on hold. You're  
waiting for... for...

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
For what exactly?

MARC MCDERMOTT  
For someone else to take control.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Bye Marc. Good talk.

Arty WAVES GOODBYE to his brother on the screen.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
This isn't you, Arty.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Speak again soon.

Arty SLAMS the laptop lid shut, cutting off the video call.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The digital ALARM CLOCK on Arty's nightstand reads 12:30 AM.

Arty is ASLEEP on his single BED, fully clothed.

Now Arty's cell phone lights up and begins to VIBRATE, moving to the edge of the table, the display says:

**562-996-4484**

Arty stirs and answers it, still half asleep.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
(into phone)  
Hello?  
(a beat)  
Sorry, sorry, you're breaking up,  
who is this?  
(a beat)  
Oh, hi Prof.  
(a beat)  
PROF!?

Arty LEAPS UP, almost falling from the bed.

He looks over and checks that Suzy is still asleep.

He CREEPS from the dark bedroom.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Prof, Prof, is that really you?

**INT. LANDING - NIGHT**

Arty pulls his bedroom door slowly, quietly closed.

The iPhone 6S display lights his face in the dark.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Where have you been since  
nineteen-ninety-seven?

(a beat)

Slow down. Yeah, I can come get  
you. Where are you?

(a beat)

What are you doing there?

(a beat)

Ok. I'll be there in thirty  
minutes.

He hangs up and PUNCHES THE AIR in jubilation.

**EXT. LONE FERN MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

A lit entrance sign depicting a SINGLE FERN TREE reads:

**LONE FERN MALL**

...beside a DIGITAL CLOCK reading 12:59. The sign and the  
mall have both seen better days.

A TAXI pulls up and Arty climbs out, pausing to pay the  
driver through the cab window.

Arty looks out over the empty parking lot, lit by bright,  
clean, white LED lights.

Standing in the centre of the empty lot is PROFESSOR LATHROP  
VON BRAUN, 83, a white-haired old hippie, with shoulder  
length white hair, a Hawaiian shirt, and lively, wild eyes.

He throws his ARMS OPEN WIDE in greeting when he sees Arty.

He stands next to a

**SLEEK, WEDGE-SHAPED, SILVER HOFSTETTER TURBO SPORTS CAR.**

It's been modified with industrial units on its rear engine  
compartment, giving it a dangerous feel. There are coils  
along the front and rear panels. Its vanity licence plate  
reads "NO TIME."

**EXT. LONE FERN MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Arty walks up to the Professor, smiling.

They fling their arms open and EMBRACE like lost brothers.  
Brothers with a thirty plus year age gap.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

You look good Prof. You've not aged  
a day since nineteen-ninety-seven.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

You look older Arty.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Where... When... have you been?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

I came straight here, after a very  
short stop off.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I thought you'd be solving climate  
change. What's so special about  
OCTOBER FOURTEEN TWENTY-FIFTEEN?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

All in good time Arty.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Well, welcome to good old  
twenty-fifteen.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

It looks the same. I thought we'd  
have flying cars by now?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

And have death rain down from the  
skies? No thank you.

Arty turns away and puts his hands on the Hofstetter.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

Speaking of cars, is this the same  
car, or should I say time machine?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
She's the same car alright.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Strange, I remember her being a  
different car. Is she still fuelled  
by plutonium?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I'm afraid so.

Arty smiles.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Well, it's no easier to get hold of  
in twenty-fifteen.

The Professor is suddenly SERIOUS.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, the slurring, the jerky  
movements... Are you intoxicated?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Just get in the car, Prof.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Arty and the Prof sit at the BREAKFAST BAR, in a pool of  
light. Arty SEARCHES for something on an Apple iPad Pro.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You just disappeared, Prof. No  
note, nothing. We had no idea where  
you were.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I see, what was just a quick trip  
to me was---

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Eighteen long years. We didn't even  
know if you were alive, or...

Arty finds the IMAGE he's looking for and LIES the iPad down  
on the counter top for the Professor to SEE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 ...dead.

On screen is the same newspaper cutting as Arty's bedroom.  
 The NEWSPAPER HEADLINE cutting reads:

**MISSING LOCAL INVENTOR PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN DECLARED DEAD**

Under it is two pictures; a smiling Professor and a picture  
 of Arty from a decade earlier.

The Professor GASPS at the image.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 I had to sue your estate, as a  
 creditor, for the maintenance of  
 your shack, to get you declared  
 presumed dead. Just to see if your  
 will left any clues.

The Professor stands, astounded by the news.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Good grief! I had no idea I'd cause  
 you such trouble.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 It's ok, Prof. I can afford it.

Arty waves vaguely around the kitchen, indicating his  
 beautiful house, his more than comfortable lifestyle.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 But all your will did was leave  
 your shack to me with strict  
 instructions to maintain and  
 protect it.

The Professor GASPS again, his hand on his head. He PACES  
 quickly as he talks.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Good grief! So, I shackled you to  
 my shack with the will power of my  
 last will and testament?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Prof, calm down. It's ok, you're  
here now. We can put all this  
right. We can FIX this timeline.

The Professor looks around at Arty's expensive house, not understanding, with an expression that says 'fix what'?

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
What's the plan? Do we go back to  
ninety-seven and correct all this?

The Professor looks around again, still not understanding.

He shakes his head, takes Arty by the arms and stares almost manically into his face.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Even better, Arty. We're going on a  
ROAD TRIP!

Arty is taken aback.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Road trip? I don't... I can't go on  
a road trip... I have to stay here.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Come on Arty, it'll be fun.

Its Arty's turn to rise from the STOOL and PACE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I physically can't.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
What happened to the Arty who said  
if you put your mind to it you can  
accomplish anything?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You don't understand. I'm not the  
guy I used to be. I... I just  
can't.

The Prof walks over to Arty and puts a REASSURING hand on his shoulder.



PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I didn't want to tell you this.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Tell me what, Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I don't just WANT us to go on road  
trip, we HAVE TO go on a road trip.  
(a beat)  
It's a matter of life and death.

Arty smiles in a pained, knowing way.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
No Prof. I'll show you a matter of  
life and death.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Arty opens the bedroom door QUIETLY. He waves the Prof over.

The two of them PEER into the dark room.

Suzy lies ASLEEP in her hospital bed, hooked up to the  
bright, colorful, medical equipment. It BLEEPs quietly.

Arty and the Prof CREEP over to her bedside.

Suzy's breathing is SHALLOW, her face drawn and PALE.

They talk in hushed WHISPERS.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
What's wrong with her?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
The big C.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Cancer? I'm so sorry, Arty. What  
kind of cancer?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You know the kind they treat, and  
you get better?

The Professor nods enthusiastically.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Well, she ain't got that kind.

The Professor visibly slumps.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
How long does she have?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Not nearly long enough.

The Prof SIGHS. He puts a HAND on Arty's SHOULDER.

Arty grabs his HAND and SQUEEZES.

**INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

The guest room is large and comfortable. Arty lays TOWELS on the end of the double bed.

Prof LIFTS his American Tourister luggage onto the BED and OPENS it.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Thanks for putting me up.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You're welcome to stay as long as you like. Check out the twenty-first century.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I'll take you up on that offer.  
It's what I came for.

Arty TURNS to LEAVE, but he obviously has something to say.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Prof, you know that I would come with you. If I could.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Of course. If you could.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It would have been an adventure.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Just like the old days.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
The old, old days.

They both smile weakly.

A thought raises Arty's enthusiasm.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
And maybe Suzy will get better, and  
I'll be able to hire a nurse?

The Professor LIES along with him.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Of course, a nurse, then we can go  
have an adventure.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Like the old days.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
The old, old days.

Arty TURNS again and starts to WALK from the room.

The Professor SEIZES THE MOMENT.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, what is wrong with you? You  
have a condition. Something you  
won't admit to me.

Arty turns SLOWLY to FACE the Professor, finally willing to  
open up to him. He SIGHS.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I had this twitch... For years...  
In my little finger... I thought it  
was nothing.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Go on.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I got it checked out. And... And it  
was diagnosed as...

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Diagnosed as what, Arty?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Diagnosed as---

Suddenly an ALARM BLARES, breaking the moment.

The RUSH from the room---

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

---into Arty and Suzy's bedroom.

The ALARM is deafening.

Suzy's monitor FLASHES RED in distress.

On the monitor screen, lines run FLAT and numbers blink  
ZERO.

Arty RUNS to her side.

He grabs her, SHOUTING at her to WAKE up.

The ALARM is deafening.

Arty FUMBLES his iPhone from his pocket.

He DIALS 9-1-1.

He PASSES the cell phone back to the Prof.

He falls on Suzy and HOLDS her close.

The ALARM is deafening.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

SILENCE.

On the FAR side of a BUSY waiting room, a white-coated DOCTOR puts a HAND on Arty's SHOULDER.

He says something UNHEARD to Arty.

Arty looks around, SHAKES his head.

He COLLAPSES into a chair, his head DOWN.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Arty SITS ALONE on his single bed looking at Suzy's EMPTY hospital BED.

The MEDICAL EQUIPMENT by her bed is dark and POWERED OFF.

Arty leans over and runs his HAND OVER the EMPTY BED, stroking the SPACE where she USED to be.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

A graveside FUNERAL service is in progress.

Mourners dressed in black stand by a SILVER CASKET covered in beautiful FLOWERS.

At the head of the grave a PRIEST reads from a book, his words UNHEARD.

Arty stands in the middle of the group of MOURNERS, comforting hands on his shoulders.

Arty STARES into the middle distance, hardly aware of his surroundings.

He watches Suzy's casket being LOWERED into her grave.

ONE by ONE...

The mourners DISAPPEAR...

Leaving JUST ARTY stood there...

ALONE.

EILEEN MCDERMOTT  
It gets easier.

EILEEN MCDERMOTT, 60, stands beside Arty. She's svelte, attractive and classy, with long auburn hair.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

It does?

EILEEN MCDERMOTT

With time. It takes a lot of it but it does get better.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Thanks Mom.

EILEEN MCDERMOTT

One day, that overwhelming pain you feel every time you think of her, turns into overwhelming gratitude that you ever had her in your life.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

You promise?

EILEEN MCDERMOTT

I promise.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Is that how you feel about Dad?

Arty looks around, but the graveside is EMPTY, his Mom GONE.

His brother Marc appears beside him. He puts a brotherly arm around Arty.

MARC MCDERMOTT

Stupid question, but how are you holding up?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Why do I feel like I'm abandoning her down there?

MARC MCDERMOTT

Maybe 'cos you've been by her side since high school?

There's a pause as they both process EMOTIONS and MEMORIES.

MARC MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Mom would have been devastated if  
she'd been here to see this. She  
loved Suzy.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Yes, she did. Yes, she did.

**INT. ARTY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The room is FULL of dark clothed MOURNERS. A discrete buzz  
fills the room, as people eat and drink RESPECTFULLY.

Arty STANDS APART from the crowd, leaning against furniture,  
sipping a soft drink.

He looks DISTRACTED, like he's ENDURING the wake, rather  
than taking any CONSOLATION from it.

FEMALE MOURNER #1  
Sir, sir.

Arty focuses on a WELL-DRESSED WOMAN in a sleek, expensive,  
black dress, complete with chic fascinator veil.

She waves her SMARTPHONE extravagantly, her words SLURRED.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Yes, ma'am.

She holds up her cell, screen towards Arty, REVEALING a  
SOCIAL NETWORK.

FEMALE MOURNER #1  
What's the hashtag for this  
funeral?

A friend SWOOPS in and GRABS her, taking her AWAY with one  
motion, muttering an APOLOGY to Arty.

FEMALE MOURNER #2  
She's just tired and emotional.  
Sorry for your loss.

Arty SMILES his first smile for DAYS.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Psssst!

Arty looks around for the SOURCE of the NOISE.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Arty, over here.

Arty spots the Prof's head POKING OUT from behind full-length DRAPES, his Hawaiian shirt visibly.

Arty looks around then carefully STEPS OVER. He talks WITHOUT looking at the Professor.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You're supposed to be hiding.  
Someone might recognise you.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I wanted to check on you.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
And I appreciate it, but you have to go.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
How are you?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Will people stop asking me that?  
What do they want me to say? I'm fine, the death of the love of my life meant nothing to me.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I'm sorry Arty. I wasn't thinking.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
No, I'm sorry.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Professor!

A SHOCKED Arty and Professor stare at each other in HORROR, their eyes wide.

They TURN TO FACE Arty's oncoming brother Marc.

Thankfully, Marc has DROWN HIS SORROWS a little too much, and is a little worse for wear.



Marc approaches glass first, happy to see the Prof.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
 Hey Prof, great to see you. I  
 haven't seen you in years.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Thank you, err...

The Professor shoots Arty a DESPERATE glance.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Marc.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 ...Marc! Great to see you too.

Marc's expression changes to CONFUSION.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
 You were old in the eighties. How  
 are you still alive?

Arty and Professor look at each other, FUMBLING to answer.

MARC MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 Well you look good for your age.  
 What is that again?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 One hundred and six.

The Prof GASPS at his own mistake.

Arty GLARES at him.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
 Didn't you disappear? In fact,  
 didn't you DIE?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Oh, that Professor? No this isn't  
 THAT professor, no. This is---

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 His SON!

MARC MCDERMOTT  
His son?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
(cracks voice)  
His son?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Yes, his son, Professor...  
WERNER... Von... Braun.

The Professors words SLOW DOWN as he says them. As if even he can't COMMIT to them.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Prof named you after the NAZI  
Vee-Two rocket scientist?

The Professor seems totally out of his DEPTH.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Yes, he was a big fan of...err...

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
ROCKETS! He was a big fan of  
rockets.

Arty GLARES at the Prof to follow his lead.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Yes! ROCKETS!

The Professor looks PLEASED at their DECEPTION.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Big fan of Saturn Vee and all that.  
(a beat)  
Not NAZI'S.

Arty ROLLS HIS EYES.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Marc, I'm going to lie down. This  
is all too much for me.

Marc leans forward, suddenly lucid, supporting his brother.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Sure, would you like me to help you  
upstairs?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
No, no. WERNER here can help me.

Arty looks towards the Prof, but he doesn't realise he's referring to him.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Can't you, Professor WERNER!

The Prof suddenly JUMPS, REALISING his expected role. He steps AWKWARDLY out from behind the DRAPE, fully revealing his INAPPROPRIATE attire.

Arty LEANS on him and begins to WALK away, through the concerned onlookers.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
Are you sure you're ok?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Just tired. Thanks.

Arty and the Professor are almost out of the room, when Marc shouts after them.

MARC MCDERMOTT  
I see you share you Father's love  
of Hawaiian shirts!

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

The Professor leads Arty into the bedroom.

Only Arty's SINGLE BED REMAINS. Suzy's hospital bed and monitoring equipment have now GONE.

The Professor help Arty onto his bed.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
So, what stage of Parkinson's  
disease are you?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

You know?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

I'm not stupid.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I'm in the late, mild stage.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

How bad is it?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Some days I'm so stiff I can't operate the T.V. remote. It's awful, I have to watch Fox news all day. I can't even change channel.

The Professor gives a DISAPPROVING look.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

I have times when I'm off-balance. I have times when I slur my words. When I walk into walls. When I can't remember somebody's name.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

You weren't drunk at the mall?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I stopped drinking years ago... to combat depression.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

I understand now why you can't come on a road trip with me.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Oh, I'm coming with you.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

You are? That's marvelous, Arty!

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Just promise me one thing. That it will change my life.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
That I can promise.

The Prof pulls out a FOLDED PIECE of PAPER from a pocket.

He UNFOLDS IT and PASSES it to Arty.

It's a PRINT of a WEBPAGE, the date has been RINGED:

**OCTOBER 22 2015**

There is a recent PICTURE of Arty, and the HEADLINE reads:

**MUSIC EXECUTIVE FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOME**

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Prof, this is FOUR days from now!

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
This is why I have to get you away  
from the house.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Prof, when you said it was a matter  
of life and death, I didn't think  
you meant mine!

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Then there's no time to waste.  
Let's hit the open road.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, ARTY'S HOME - DAY**

Arty's upscale house is glass, steel and very aspirational.

The driveway is bathed in Californian sunshine.

The silver HOFSTETTER Turbo gleams on the drive, gull wing  
doors open, Professor stood IMPATIENTLY beside it.

Arty emerges from the front door, in torn Denim, T-shirt,  
white sneakers and Tom Ford Snowdon sunglasses.

He PULLS a huge collection of wheeled SUITCASES behind him.

The Prof RUSHES over to him.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, Arty, Arty.

The Prof puts an ARM AROUND Arty.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
What's wrong Prof?

The Prof draws an expansive ARC in the AIR.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, where we're going, we don't  
need...  
(a beat)  
...LUGGAGE!

The Professor holds up a small OVERNIGHT BAG.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
One overnight bag should suffice.

Arty shrugs and heads BACK indoors, PULLING his LUGGAGE  
mountain behind him.

**EXT. CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAY - DAY**

Drone shot lovingly following the modified silver Hofstetter  
Turbo car, as up-beat 2015 music plays.

It effortlessly CRUISES between the 2015 vehicles on the  
five-lane highway.

It still looks like a WINGLESS SPACESHIP from a future that  
never was.

In the distance, California is lush green hills and clean  
buildings as far as the eye can see.

Wind turbines generate clean, renewable energy.

The highway is open and expansive after the claustrophobic  
interiors. It looks like endless possibilities.

It looks like FREEDOM.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING**

Arty and the Prof (driving) sit side by side in the CRAMPED car interior, encased by the TIME TRAVEL CONTROLS.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
So where are we going?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I need you to meet an old friend.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Who is he? Is he the guy who cures  
Parkinson's?  
(excited)  
Is he the guy who cures cancer?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You shouldn't know too much about  
your future Arty. Except we have to  
get there by OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Why? What happens October  
twenty-first?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
He dies.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Like me?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Not if we can help it.  
(a beat)  
So, tell me about the last eighteen  
years.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Suzy and I got married. I worked my  
way up the music biz, she was a  
successful designer.  
(thinks)  
In oh-seven the sub-prime bubble  
burst, causing a double-dip  
recession, even the corps too big  
to fail fell off a fiscal cliff.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Sounds heavy.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
We swerved the worst of it.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Any more dreams of travelling into  
the future, or the wild west, or  
back to nineteen fifty-five again?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Hey, that dream was so vivid, so  
realistic.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Except you can't jump into the  
future and meet your older self.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Yeah, I know that now.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Have you dreamt about your Dad  
punching Ned, high on Ned's spiked  
punch, again?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Hey, Dad standing up to Ned changed  
everything. Ned never threatened  
him again.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Only because your Dad became a  
lightweight boxing champion.

**EXT. CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAY - DAY**

The Hofstetter Turbo SIGNALS to leave at the next EXIT.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (O.S.)  
Where are you going, we only have  
THREE days?



PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
 Exactly, we have three days, and I  
 want to see the twenty-first  
 century.

The car VEERS over, just making the EXIT RAMP.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (O.S.)  
 So where are we going?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
 Shopping!

**MONTAGE OF THE PROF AND ARTY SHOPPING AT A MALL**

The PROF STANDS before a DISPLAY of sleek 4K U.H.D. O.L.E.D. flat screen T.V.s, ranging from 55-inches to 100-inches, ALL DISPLAYING the Prof in H.D.R. color. Arty ROLLS HIS EYES.

The PROF stops to GAWP at a display of sleek silver LAPTOPS. He picks up a shrink-wrapped, retail BOX of WINDOWS 10 and READS the rear specifications diligently. Arty TAKES the BOX from his HAND, puts it DOWN and PULLS him AWAY.

PROF STARES BEWILDERED at someone wearing a SAMSUNG GEAR VR. The wearer moves their head, lost in their virtual reality experience. Arty WAVES his HAND before the Prof's EYES, trying to break his STARE.

PROF holds up a boxed MICROSOFT BAND WATCH, reading the blurb in AMAZEMENT. Arty TAPS the Prof to get his ATTENTION, then SHOWS him his original APPLE WATCH on his own WRIST. The prof almost falls over in ASTONISHMENT.

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

Arty STANDS in a mall sitting area, LOOKING AROUND for the Prof, checking his watch.

An EXCITED Prof APPEARS clutching a 'Best Buy' bag.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Arty! I've purchased a wonder of  
 technology, vital for our journey.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 That's great Prof. What is it?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Picture this. In the year two thousand, the U.S. military declassified secret Cold War technology, allowing anyone to triangulate their exact position, anywhere on Earth, from four state-of-the-art satellites, using just a small electronic device.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 You bought a SatNav?

The Prof pulls a boxed, automotive GARMIN G.P.S. device from the bag, DEFLATED by Arty's lack of surprise.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 Great Prof.

Arty PULLS out his iPhone and SHOWS it to the Prof.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 Or we could use the app on my smartphone.

The prof TURNS and STRIDES AWAY.

Arty shakes his head and RUNS to catch him up.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Prof, wait up.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 As educational as this diversion has been, I think it's time to get back onto the road.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Finally!

The Prof suddenly STOPS by a D.V.D. store, looking curiously at a cardboard ADVERT for the movie 'Furious 7'.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Who are these seven and why are they furious?

Arty GRABS the Profs and LEADS him AWAY.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Something to do with cars not going  
 fast enough. I can't imagine why.

They TALK and WALK.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 We can drive for a few more hours  
 and then we need to get you to a  
 hotel for rest.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Right. Thank you. I need more rest  
 these days.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 To make sure we get a reservation,  
 perhaps we should FAX ahead?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 FAX? It's twenty-fifteen not  
 nineteen eighty-five. No one faxes  
 anymore.

(a beat)  
 I'll look for a hotel while you  
 drive. I can reserve rooms from my  
 phone. Or else, I'm sure we can  
 find a motel with vacancies. What  
 do you say, Prof?

Arty LOOKS around for the Prof but he's NO WHERE to be SEEN.

Arty SPOTS him watching a SCREEN outside a mall CINEMA.

Arty SIGHS then WALKS over to him.

The Prof is WATCHING a SUBTITLED ADVERT with a SCENE from  
 the MOVIE "THE MARTIAN". The Prof is AWESTRUCK.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Arty, I had no idea that mankind  
 has actually begun to colonize  
 Mars. I've missed so much.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 It's a... a....

Arty doesn't want to BURST his BUBBLE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It's a recent thing.

The SCREEN shows the SCENE where the ASTRONAUT BURNS HYDROGEN to make WATER.

The Prof FROWNS, then SHOUTS at the SCREEN.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You can't release hydrazine wearing just a mask. And the process of decomposing it into nitrogen and hydrogen is highly exothermic. You'll be cooked in no time.  
(thinks)  
He could use Martian rocks as heat sinks. I must call N.A.S.A.!

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It's a movie, Prof. Ok? Just a movie. Suspend your disbelief and enjoy the ride.

Arty TURNS and walks AWAY. The Prof FOLLOWS.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING**

Arty and the Prof are back in the cramped time machine. The SatNav ON THE WINDOW, trailing a LEAD to the POWER SOCKET. The Prof DRIVES while Arty thumb TYPES on his iPhone.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I've booked a double room. It's all they had.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Fine by me. You know Arty, it's very impressive how you've come to accept your condition.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Acceptance doesn't mean resignation. It means understanding something is what it is and finding a way through it.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 What have you had to find a way  
 through?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Well, someday I won't be able to  
 move my facial muscles.

The Prof smiles at Arty.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Well, look on the bright side.  
 You'll have one hell of a poker  
 face.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Just drive the car Prof. I can't  
 get this over fast enough.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Arty and the Prof enter a comfortable, expensive hotel room,  
 dropping an overnight BAG and the Prof's CASE onto their  
 respective single BEDS.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 I'm so tired, I can't even deal.

Arty UNPACKS his MEDS from his bag onto his NIGHTSTAND.

He places a small FRAMED PICTURE of SUZY, before she became  
 ill, next to them.

The Prof picks up a TABLET BOTTLE. The label reads:

**SINEMET L-DOPA**

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 It controls some of the milder  
 symptoms. Rigidity, tremors,  
 tapping feet. But it only lasts a  
 while and it has side-effects. Like  
 my jerkiness.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Good grief.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 I also had brain surgery on my  
 thalamus. It stopped tremors on the  
 left side of my body.

Arty GENTLY TAKES the MEDS from the Prof's HAND. He SHUFFLES  
 into the hotel room BATHROOM.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (O.S.)  
 I need water to take these.

As Arty runs water in the bathroom, The Prof turns to a  
 giant wall-mounted flat screen T.V. Beside it is a black  
 Amazon Echo SMART SPEAKER.

The Prof picks the Echo up and EXAMINES it, turning it  
 around in his hands.

Arty STEPS BACK into the room, SMILING when he sees the Prof  
 with the ECHO.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 Oh, you're going to love this.  
 Alexa, what's tomorrow's weather  
 going to be?

ALEXA  
 Here's tomorrow's weather in  
 California...

The Prof almost DROPS the device in SURPRISE when it starts  
 to TALK. He JUGGLES it until he gets it back under control.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
 ...expect partial cloud with a high  
 of seventy-four degrees and a low  
 of sixty degrees.

The Prof is open-mouthed DUMFOUNDED.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Good grief! It not only understood  
 you but it also answered you.

Arty FALLS on to his bed in EXHAUSTION.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Go ahead. Ask it anything.

The Prof thinks, eyes wide, then has a REVELATION.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Alexa, what is the latest research  
 into fusion technology?

ALEXA  
 Here's something I found on the  
 web, according to Wikipedia,  
 researches at Durham University's  
 Centre for Fusion Energy, England,  
 have found that fusion reactors  
 could become viable ways of  
 generating electricity in just a  
 few decades.

The Prof SMILES in wiry sarcasm.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 So fusion energy is still twenty  
 years away, huh? Just like it was  
 in the eighties.

An exhausted Arty POINTS back at the T.V., WITHOUT opening  
 his eyes or LOOKING up.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Try out the T.V., Prof. They have  
 AppleTV, Netflix and Prime.

The Prof takes the REMOTE and turns the screen ON. It shows  
 an episode of 'THE AMERICANS'. He WATCHES a scene of  
 impending BRUTALITY, before hastily switching it OFF.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 I never understood pop culture.

Arty doesn't answer.

When the Prof LOOKS over, Arty is lying ASLEEP on his bed  
 fully CLOTHED.

The Prof TAKES the top SHEET from his BED and LAYS it gently  
 OVER the sleeping Arty, careful not to disturb him.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY**

The Prof sits EATING a mountain of breakfast pancakes, covered in syrup and topped with blackberries.

Arty hurriedly SITS beside him.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Why didn't you wake me Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I thought you could use the sleep.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Look at this.

Arty pulls out a FOLDED piece of PAPER from a pocket. He unfolds it, LAYS it on the TABLE, and FLATTENS it

It's the Prof's WEBPAGE PRINT, the ringed date still reads:

**OCTOBER 21 2015**

Underneath is the same recent PICTURE of Arty, but the headline now reads:

**MUSIC EXECUTIVE FOUND DEAD**

The word 'DEAD' and the article TEXT are now FADED.

The Prof GRABS the PRINT.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Good grief! Do you know what this means?

Their WAITRESS appears beside the table. Prof HIDES the PRINT. Arty looks up at her.

WAITRESS  
Can I get you anything, sir?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Err, avocado toast and a pumpkin spice latte.

She writes the order while the Prof STARES at Arty. The waitress LEAVES.



ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
It means we've changed the future?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Yes, and we're doing something that  
puts your death in doubt.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
What could that be?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I have no idea.

A JUBILANT Arty leaps up from the table. The Prof GRABS his  
ARM as he passes.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
To celebrate. YOLO, Prof.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
What about your breakfast?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You have it.

The Prof RELEASES Arty and makes a DISGUSTED face.

**EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY**

The Prof is busy CRAMMING their tiny luggage into the  
Hofstetter time machine.

Arty APPEARS looking PLEASED with himself.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Where have you been?

Arty holds out his inner right ARM to SHOW the Prof a fresh,  
TATTOO.

It's a monochrome, incredibly DETAILED, BEAUTIFUL SEA TURTLE  
swimming through FIVE RINGS. The turtle is MISSING a chunk  
from its FIN.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
What do you think?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Looks great Arty.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I went swimming once. Followed a  
damaged little turtle around for a  
while. It kinda stuck with me.

Arty pauses to REMEMBER the transformative moment.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Each of the hoops represents a  
decade of my life. It's the idea of  
emerging and coming into something  
new all the time.

The Prof grabs Arty by his arms, BEAMING at him.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
That's wonderful, Arty.

Arty pats him back.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Let's hit the road, Prof. Time to  
get my life back.

**EXT. TWO-LANE CALIFORNIAN EXPRESSWAY - DAY**

The modified silver Hofstetter Turbo car DRIVES along a  
two-lane expressway, a drop to the ocean on one side, and  
mountains on the other.

The 1980's car still takes the bends effortlessly.

The clear sky is powder blue perfection.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING**

Arty and the Prof are back in the cramped time machine, but  
ENJOYING the journey, and the COMPANY.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

If you asked people to describe me, they'd go through a whole bunch of words before they got to P.D. It's there but it's not my totality.

(a beat)

There are losses. I've lost a certain amount of spontaneity.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

You were spontaneous today.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

(with realisation)

Yeah, I was, wasn't I.

The car starts to LOSE POWER, the engine begins to SPLUTTER.

The Prof looks at the controls, then EXCLAIMS.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

What is it Prof? What's wrong?

The Prof pulls the CAR OVER to a scenic view parking area, keen to get it off the highway before it stops.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

You won't believe this, but we're out of gas.

The car comes to a complete HALT. The engine DEAD.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Seriously? You, you let a car run out of gas?

Arty PULLS out his SMARTPHONE and begins to SEARCH.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

I think I saw a gas station a few miles back.

Arty READS from his iPhone, POINTING FORWARD.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

There's one less than a mile ahead.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Can you make it there and back?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm not waiting in a car that's as  
hot A.F.

The Prof SMILES and opens the gull wing DOOR with a HISS.

**EXT. TWO-LANE CALIFORNIAN EXPRESSWAY - DAY**

Arty and the Prof WALK along the side of the ROAD,  
STRUGGLING in the heat. They look like they're MELTING in  
the blazing late morning SUN.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
All I'm asking Prof, is how does  
this trip even help to correct this  
timeline, to get Suzy back?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I can't tell you too much Arty, but  
I promise you that this trip will  
right a great wrong.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
So Suzy and me won't get sick?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
People get sick all the time Arty.

Arty pauses, considers, thinks of a new approach.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Prof, is there a cure for cancer,  
for Parkinson's in the future?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
What do you think, Arty?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I think yes, but then I'm an  
eternal optimist.

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

Arty LEANS against the GAS PUMP. The Prof PUMPS GAS into a red two-gallon GAS CAN, watching the pump DIALS.

They bicker gently in the heat.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
All I'm saying is that you might  
have exaggerated the whole thing a  
little.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
What are you saying, Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
That maybe it wasn't as cartoonish  
as you remember it?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Cartoonish?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Not as black and white, good and  
bad, as you remember. There is  
nothing more responsible for the  
good old days as a bad old memory.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Ok, Prof. What did I get wrong?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Well, the car for a start. And I  
could never have held the cable  
together, that would have fried me.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It's just how it looked to me.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Ned was never as evil as you  
describe him. And your family  
didn't change as much as you think.

**EXT. TWO-LANE CALIFORNIAN EXPRESSWAY - DAY**

Arty and the Prof WALK ALONG the side of the road in the OPPOSITE direction, their bickering almost as intensive as the mid-day heat. The Prof CARRIES a red two-gallon GAS CAN.

Arty STRUGGLES with the length of the walk.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)

And do you really think that your Dad didn't realise that "RALPH LAUREN" was his time-travelling son, after all the clues you left?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

William had no idea who I was.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Really? TAB? Pepsi FREE? Actually calling him DAD?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Maybe I slipped up once or twice.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Planet VULCAN? DARTH VADER? He was a SCIENCE FICTION author.

The beleaguered pair APPROACH the parked time machine.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)

He had to stay in the same house just so you'd know where to come back to. You know, he used to laugh every time he heard you practice "Johnny B. Goode" on your guitar.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Well, at least MOM had no idea.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

No Eileen had no idea. She thought you were an ANGEL sent to get her and William together.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

That's cray cray Prof.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
That's why she asked if she'd ever  
see you again after the dance. She  
knew you were leaving, even though  
you'd only just joined the school.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Far out.

They reach the CAR and the Prof unlocks it with a KEY, opens  
the FLAP to the FUEL TANK, and begins to POUR the GAS into  
the TANK. Arty LEANS against the CAR.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Jeez, how did they ever look me in  
the eyes?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
They took a lot of convincing to  
play along, and they always thought  
of you as... special. Could be why  
you're so different to your  
siblings?

The Prof SHAKES the last few DROPS of the now EMPTY GAS CAN  
into the CAR. He PASSES the CAN to Arty, closing the FLAP.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Wait, so they knew you knew?

Arty MOVES to the FRONT of the CAR and OPENS the TRUNK.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Why do you think they let you spend  
so much time with me?

Arty is about to SPEAK but he SEES SOMETHING in the TRUNK.

He REACHES IN and PULLS out ANOTHER, smaller gas CAN. He  
SHAKES it and the gas can be HEARD SLOSHING inside.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Prof, you had spare gas.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I know.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Then why did we just walk to get  
more?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Movement Arty, always movement! We  
have to keep you moving!

Arty DROPS both CANS into the TRUNK then SLAMS the hood.

He SNATCHES the KEYS out of the LOCK behind the gull wing  
DOOR, and JUMPS into the DRIVER's SEAT.

He pulls the door CLOSED as he STARTS the ENGINE.

The Prof CLIMBS into the passenger chair and CLOSES his  
DOOR.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm driving from now on.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Are you sure you can?

Arty SLAMS the car into REVERSE and spins the wheel, turning  
the nose towards the inviting expressway, as he REVERSES.

There's a dull THUMP from the rear.

They LOOK at each other.

It's followed by a faint WHIMPER.

Doors OPEN, they SCRAMBLE to the BACK of the car.

LYING on the GROUND, looking WOUNDED, is a shaggy SHEEPDOG.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Where did he come from?

They LOOK AROUND for an owner but see no one.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, this wasn't your fault.

Arty gently LIFTS the DOG, STRAINING to take the weight. He  
TURNS BACK to the CAR.



ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 You drive. I'll give you  
 directions.

The Prof jumps into the driver's seat and pulls the gull wing door closed with a SLAM.

**INT. VETERINARY SURGERY RECEPTION - DAY**

The Prof and Arty BURST into the reception, Arty CARRYING the injured DOG in his TIRED arms.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Emergency! Emergency! We have an  
 injured dog!

Arty WEAVES between people and carries the dog to the reception DESK. He lays him down, EXHAUSTED.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Please help. This dog has been hit  
 by a car.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 My car.  
 (points)  
 He was driving.

Arty ROLLS his TIRED EYES at the Prof.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Can a vet look at him, please?

The receptionist NODS and picks up the PHONE.

Arty drops his head in exhausted RELIEF.

**INT. VETERINARY SURGERY RECEPTION - DAY**

The Prof and Arty sit ANXIOUSLY in chairs, WAITING for news. Arty seems to be taking it particularly badly.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 I can't have killed him.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 It wasn't your fault.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I can't have another death on my---

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You're not to blame for any deaths.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I just can't lose anyone else.

The Prof PATS Arty on the LEG.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
He's not dying. He's going to be  
fine.

Arty NODS, strengthening his resolved.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You know, he kinda looks like---

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I know. But it's not him.

A nurse approaches and GESTURES them to FOLLOW her.

The Prof and Arty give each other a CONCERNED GLANCE.

**INT. VETERINARY SURGERY - DAY**

A vet in green scrubs pets the now HEALTHY DOG, sat on his  
examination bench, with Arty and the Prof looking RELIEVED.

VET  
He's going to be just fine. You did  
the right thing bringing him in.

Prof gives Arty an excited two thumbs up.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
So, no injuries, no broken bones,  
no internal bleeding?

VET  
Nothing. I think he was just  
stunned. What's more, he was  
chipped, so we've been able to  
trace his owner.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Chipped? Like bionic?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
That's great news. What was he  
doing out there anywhere?

VET  
Seems he ran off when the owner  
stopped to take a leak.

Arty SMILES and PETS the DOG in RELIEF.

**EXT. HOTEL #2 PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

The Prof STANDS, surrounded by their luggage in the hotel parking lot. Before him, Arty SITS in the DRIVER'S seat of the time machine, gull wing door OPEN.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Are you sure you can drive?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm only going over the street for  
gas. Just check us in. Early start  
tomorrow.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Ok, if you're sure.

The Prof WAVES as Arty pulls the DOOR down and CLOSED.

The Hofstetter GLIDES gracefully AWAY under Arty's control.

The Prof gives an approving NOD and gathers up the luggage.

**EXT. GAS STATION #2 - NIGHT**

Arty PUMPS GAS into the CAR, yawning a wide, tired YAWN. He wears a DARK JACKET to ward off the chill night air.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

Arty PULLS the time machine into the hotel parking LOT.

WALKING in FRONT of the CAR, illuminated by pop-up headlights, arm in arm with a much YOUNGER WOMAN, is someone from Arty's nightmares.

Arty LEANS forward to get a BETTER VIEW.

The MAN has silver, white hair, looks older, and a little heavier, but he is undeniable NED TENNENT, 76, his father's high school BULLY, and Arty's time travel NEMESIS.

Arty STARES, DUMBSTRUCK, until the CAR ROLLS into a DUMPSTER, JOLTING him BACK into the MOMENT.

Arty OPENS the car DOOR, and FALLS OUT.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Ned. Hey, Ned.

Ned LOOKS across, not RECOGNISING him at first. Then he double takes, WHISPERS something to the young WOMAN, and WATCHES her WALK towards the HOTEL.

He holds a PALM OUT to Arty, and when he speaks, he SPEAKS SOFTLY, not at all as Arty remembers him.

NED TENNENT  
Now Arty, I don't want no trouble.  
I've got no beef with the  
McDermotts.

Ned seems GENUINELY AFRAID of Arty. Arty just STARES.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
I left Elmdale to get away from  
your family. I don't know why  
you're here, but leave me alone.

Arty WATCHES in DISBELIEF as Ned WALKS towards the HOTEL.

**INT. HOTEL #2 LOBBY / BAR - NIGHT**

Arty walks into the hotel LOBBY, towards the RECEPTION, but the Prof SPOTS him from the BAR.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Hey Arty! Over here.

Arty turns and SEES the Prof sat at the BAR, with TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN, dressed for a PARTY.

Arty WALKS QUICKLY over to the BAR to meet them.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Prof, you won't believe who I just  
 ran into outside.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Arty, come joins us, meet my new  
 friends, this is Betty and Babs.

The prof POINTS at each of the women in turn. Arty gives  
 them a POLITE WAVE of his hand.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Ladies. Prof, can I talk to you,  
 alone, please?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 They're part of a wedding party in  
 Conference Room One. They were  
 talking at the bar and I couldn't  
 help but overhear that the wedding  
 band is missing a guitarist.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 That happens a lot.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 And I said that I know someone who  
 plays guitar.

The Prof SMILES; HANDS and EYES OPEN WIDE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 (with realization)  
 Wow, wait a minute. I haven't  
 played in a long time. I'm not even  
 sure I still can.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Arty was in band. He played at his  
 high school dance.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 That was a long, LONG time ago.  
 Prof, I can see what you're trying  
 (MORE)

ARTY MCDERMOTT (cont'd)  
to do. But this is a step too far.  
Sorry ladies, I'm not your guy.

The women look DISAPPOINTED, SHRUG and WALK away.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I'll let you know if he changes his  
mind.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
He won't.

Arty WATCHES them LEAVE the bar, making sure they're GONE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Listen Prof, you won't believe who  
I saw outside, who's staying in the  
hotel. Only Ned Tennent.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Good grief! How can that be?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
He was with a much younger woman.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Figures.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
And he said he left his past behind  
to move out here.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Well good for him. Getting on with  
his life, leaving his past behind.

Arty PONDERs, then TURNS TO the bar. He motions to the  
BARTENDER, pulling out his WALLET.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Pepsi Max.

He pulls out a ten-dollar BILL. In front of the bills is a  
PHOTO. He SLIDES it out. It's OLD, faded, and creased.

It's the PHOTO of HIM and his SIBLINGS posing in front of a WELL. The photo that once was LIFE and DEATH TO HIM.

**INT. HOTEL #2 CONFERENCE ROOM ONE - NIGHT**

Arty STRIDES CONFIDENTLY towards the BAND on the stage, accompanied by Betty and Babs. He removes his BLACK JACKET and THROWS it over a CHAIR, before CLIMBING up onto STAGE.

The Prof MOVES through the CROWD to the FRONT.

Arty straps on a sunburst Les Paul GUITAR, agreeing the song choice with the BAND. He strums a CHORD, testing the SOUND. The band nod, READY. The LIGHTS go DOWN.

Arty plays the opening bar of "JOHNNY B. GOODE", and the WEDDING PARTY goes WILD, suddenly CROWDING the dance floor.

Arty's head is down, his concentration intense, his expression almost pained, and the flamboyant moves of the teenager are gone, but it's a ROCKING RENDITION of the song.

The Prof DANCES ECSTATICALLY with multiple people at once, his ARMS WAVING like a demented, uncoordinated cephalopod.

UNSEEN by anyone, Ned CREEPS up to the CHAIR with Arty's BLACK JACKET on the BACK. Staying LOW, he SLIDES a HAND INTO the POCKET and REMOVES the time machine KEYS.

He looks at them in his HAND, before CLOSING his FIST TIGHT.

He GLANCES around to be sure that NO ONE has SEEN. Behind him, Arty goes into a SOLO that drives the crowd WILD.

**EXT. HOTEL #2 PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

NED WALKS up to the PARKED Hofstetter car, KEYS in hand. The strains of Arty's GUITAR playing faintly in the background.

He SEARCHES for the KEYHOLE. CROUCHING DOWN to look. KEYS FALL from his pocket and HIT the GROUND with a metallic CLINK. But his elderly ears don't hear it.

On the GROUND beside the CAR are NED's own car KEYS.

He locates the LOCK, and OPENS the DOOR. It SLIDES UP with a HISS. He climbs in and turns the IGNITION ON.

The DISPLAYS SPRING to multicolored LIFE.

He looks around in AMAZEMENT at all of the extra CONTROLS.  
He STROKES the time circuit controls. The current date is:

**OCT 20 2015 09:21 PM**

The destination time set to:

**OCT 14 2015 08:24 AM**

and the last time departed is set to:

**OCT 22 2015 11:29 PM**

NED TENNENT  
I always knew it.

Ned PULLS the DOOR DOWN.

He REVERSES the car, then SCREECHES into the night.

**EXT. HOTEL #2 PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LATER**

Arty and the Prof walk to the SPACE where the time machine  
was PARKED. Arty carries his BLACK JACKET over his shoulder.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You had them lapping it up.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
That felt amazing. The best  
medicine ever.

Arty suddenly STOPS dead, FROZEN in HORROR.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Oh no, this can't be happening.

Arty looks around in PANIC.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
What, what's happening?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
The time machine. It's gone.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Good grief! Are you sure?



ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I parked it right here.

Arty FEELS the POCKETS of his JACKET, but finds NOTHING.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Ned. This is Ned's doing.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
We have to get it back!

In a BLIND PANIC, the Prof RUNS from the LOT. He SPOTS a boy riding a WHEELED HOVERBOARD. He PULLS him off it and LEAPS ON. The HOVERBOARD moves away...

S - L - O - W - L - Y

In the LOT Arty SPOTS SOMETHING ON THE GROUND. He BENDS DOWN to RETRIEVE it, holding it in his HAND.

It's a set of CAR KEYS. The name "NED" on the FOB.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
(to the boy O.S.)  
Sorry, it was a misunderstanding.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Look what I found.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Good grief! Car keys. But we'll never find the car they belong to.

Arty PRESSES the UNLOCK BUTTON.

A few FEET AWAY, the signal lights FLASH on a classic, black 1998 TOYOTA SUPRA.

**INT. BLACK TOYOTA SUPRA - NIGHT**

Arty turns the keys and STARTS the SUPRA. A SatNav is ATTACHED to the WINDSHIELD.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
We don't know where he lives.

Arty EXAMINES the SatNav. He PRESSES a BUTTON marked "HOME".

The ROUTE APPEARS on the SCREEN.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
 What are we waiting for? Go. Who  
 knows the damage that man could do  
 to the spacetime continuum.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 I need that time machine back.

Tires SQUEAL as the CAR PULLS AWAY.

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ned's black Supra PULLS UP behind a BUSH outside Ned's  
 HOUSE. It's a typical middle-class home.

The Prof and Arty GET OUT and WALK to the DOOR.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Wait Prof. Where did the print of  
 my death even come from?

The Prof PRESSES the DOORBELL.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 I told you, I briefly stopped off  
 TWO days in the future, to  
 research. I might have made a few  
 more trips.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 What discoveries have you made?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Never go to twenty-twenty.

The DOOR OPENS. Ned's wife, CLARA TENNENT, 66, answers. Her  
 hair colour, length and style are different, but she looks a  
 LOT like a slightly aged EILEEN MCDERMOTT.

Arty double takes, the conversation with the Prof forgotten.

**INT. NED'S LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Clara stands on the opposite side of a lounge coffee table  
 to Arty and the Prof.

CLARA TENNENT

I'm sorry but my husband, Ned, is  
away on business.

The Prof and Arty give each other a KNOWING GLANCE.

CLARA TENNENT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you've had a wasted  
journey.

Arty SEES a BOWL of marketing MATCHBOOKS. He leans DOWN and  
TAKES ONE.

On one side is says:

**NED'S & SON**

On the reverse is says:

**AUTO BODY REPAIRS**

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

And you can't think of where 'on  
business' he might be?

CLARA TENNENT

No. He's away on business a lot. He  
has lots of meetings in hotels.

Arty HOLDS up the MATCHBOOK.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Can I take one of these?

CLARA TENNENT

Of course.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Thank you. Well, I'm sorry to have  
bothered you Ma'am. We'll leave you  
to your evening.

Arty TAPS the Prof on his sleeve and TURNS to LEAVE. The  
Prof looks SURPRISED then FOLLOWS Arty.

**INT. BLACK TOYOTA SUPRA - NIGHT**

Prof and Arty close the doors as they get in.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Well that was a dead end.

Arty HOLDS UP the MATCHBOOK.

The Prof TAKES it, EXAMINES it, then ROTATES it.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'll bet he's there.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
There's no address. I'll ask Clara.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Just GOOGLE it.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I fail to see how multiplying the  
problem by ten to the power one  
hundred will help us in anyway.

Arty PULLS out his iPhone 6S.

He places his THUMB on the Touch ID sensor / home button and  
the phone UNLOCKS. The Prof is AMAZED.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
You have biometric identity  
authentication in twenty-fifteen?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Concentrate Prof.

Arty TYPES on the phone, searching for the address of Ned's  
body repair shop.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Got it.

He turns to the windshield mounted SatNav and ENTERS the  
body shop's zip code.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You accept miracle after miracle as  
if it's a mundane inevitability.

Arty STARTS the CAR.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It'll be a miracle if we get the  
time machine back.

**EXT. NED'S AUTO BODY REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT**

Ned's repair shop is an industrial unit on a business park. Only the signage gives it away. The front SHUTTER is a little OPEN.

Ned's black Supra PULLS UP outside, its ENGINE OFF.

The Prof and Arty GET OUT, closing the doors QUIETLY.

**EXT./INT. NED'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT**

As they APPROACH the shutter, Arty PASSES the Supra KEYS to the Prof.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Take Ned's keys. I'll drive the  
time machine.

The prof NODS in agreement, taking the KEYS from Arty.

They DUCK UNDER the SHUTTER and STEP INTO the SHOP.

STANDING with his BACK to them is Ned, STROKING the sleek lines of the Hofstetter time machine.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Hey you! Get your damn hands off  
her.

Ned TURNS his HEAD to FACE them, keeping his BACK TO THEM.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Step away from the car. You don't  
know what you're dealing with.

When Ned speaks, it's in the BULLY VOICE that Arty remembers.

NED TENNENT  
You think I don't know what this  
is? You think I'm too dumb to work  
out that it's a TIME MACHINE?

The Prof and Arty LOOK AT EACH OTHER in HORROR.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
Why do you think I sucked up to  
your A-hole father, Farty McRunt?  
Or should I say Ralph Lauren?

Ned SMILES.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
Apart from waiting for my chance  
with you Mom! She always wanted me.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
She said you tried to rape her.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
She actually described him as "a  
bit handsy".

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Not the right time, Prof. Read the  
room.

NED TENNENT  
You're just in time to show me how  
this works.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Why would we do that?

Ned TURNS to fully FACE THEM. He pulls his left side JACKET  
BACK to REVEAL a REVOLVER tucked into his trousers.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT**

Arty SITS in the driver's seat looking ANXIOUS. Ned sits in  
the passenger seat HOLDING HIS GUN TO Arty.

NED TENNENT  
Drive.

**EXT. NED'S AUTO BODY REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter BURSTS OUT of the body shop, down the drive,  
and turns to SCREECH passed Ned's parked Supra.

The Prof RUNS out of the shop in PURSUIT. He DASHES to the Supra, unlocking it remotely and JUMPING IN.

**EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter DRIVES down a suburban road, closely FOLLOWED by the prof in Ned's Supra.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

Ned MOVES the rear-view MIRROR to SEE the Prof CHASING him in his own car, still HOLDING the GUN to Arty.

NED TENNENT

You're driving like my grandma.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

It's a thirty-year-old car. This is as fast as it goes.

Arty GLANCES at the L.E.D. speedometer. It reads 67.

NED TENNENT

Bullshit! I know you have to make it go fast to time travel. Faster.

Arty looks at the PLUTONIUM CHAMBER dial. It reads "EMPTY."

ARTY MCDERMOTT

It's not safe on these streets.

NED TENNENT

How safe is a bullet?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

If you shoot me, I'll crash and we'll both die.

NED TENNENT

I'll take my chances. Faster!

Arty SHOUTS in FEAR and FLOORS the gas PEDAL. The car ROARS.

The L.E.D. speedometer climbs 87... 88... 89...

Arty ROUNDS a CORNER and the entire ROAD ahead is BLOCKED by a SEWAGE VACUUM tank TRUCK. Its hose extends over the cab and a WORKER in a high visibility jacket sucks sewage from an open manhole cover.

Arty HITS the BRAKES HARD.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Shit!

**EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD #2 - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter SLIDES sideways as it BRAKES, just AVOIDING the TRUCK.

The sewage WORKER RUNS from the oncoming car.

The Prof also just manages to STOP the Supra without a collision, SLIDING the opposite way to a SCREECHING HALT, leaving the time machine in a truck / Supra sandwich.

Ned LEAPS out of the car. Arty FOLLOWS SLOWLY. Ned WAVES Arty to the FRONT of the CAR.

Ned MOVES to the FRONT of the CAR, his BACK to the TRUCK, his GUN in Arty's BACK.

The Prof SLOWLY CLIMBS out of Ned's CAR.

NED TENNENT

Why didn't it time travel?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

It's broken.

NED TENNENT

Bullshit! You're not a hundred and fifty, so it works. Fix it, or he gets really great parking.

The Prof HESITATES.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)

Although he already looks broken to me.

Ned MOCKS Arty by WAVING his ARMS in a JERKY manner and making an exaggerated MOANING sound.



The Prof looks INCENSED.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Don't rise to it Prof. My dignity  
can be mocked, but it can't be  
taken unless it's surrendered.

NED TENNENT

I'm about to take more than his  
dignity, Professor.

Ned COCKS the GUN with a loud CLICKING sound.

The Prof WALKS TO the time machine, LEANS IN behind the  
passenger seat and PULLS OUT a metal BOX, with black on  
yellow RADIOACTIVITY warning symbols on it.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Prof, no.

NED TENNENT

You mean this sucker's nuclear?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Electrical.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

But it takes a nuclear reaction to  
generate the one point two-one  
jigowatts of electricity required.

**EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD #2 - NIGHT**

The Prof STANDS at the BACK the time machine. He PLACES a  
four-inch cylinder containing a PLUTONIUM ROD into the  
reactor loading hopper. With a startling WHOOSH, the rod  
drops into the reactor, then seals shut.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

It's loaded and safe now. You have  
to reload after every trip.

Ned STANDS by the OPEN CAR DOOR, pointing his GUN at the  
Prof. Arty stands OPPOSITE, HANDS on his HEAD.

NED TENNENT

Where do I get more plutonium from?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You're on your own there.

NED TENNENT  
And I set the destination using the  
keypad inside?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Once she hits eighty-eight the  
Temporal Field Capacitor  
discharges---

NED TENNENT  
Right, Arty get in the car and  
close the door.

Arty GIVES the Prof a CONCERNED LOOK but COMPLIES.

Ned GESTURES the Prof BACK to the Supra with his GUN.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
Back to my car Prof. Kneel down.

He looks UNSURE, but SLOWLY CROUCHES down BESIDE the car.

Arty OPENS the time machine DOOR behind Ned.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
You don't need to do this Ned.

NED TENNENT  
Back in the car Farty.

The gull wing door CLOSES behind Ned.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You really don't have to do this.

NED TENNENT  
I do, or you'll just follow us.

The Prof SQUEEZES his EYES SHUT, BRACING himself.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
Now let the air out of my tires.

The Prof OPENS his EYES and gives a SURPRISED look. He LEANS over and lets AIR out with a loud HISS.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
We're not leaving until all four  
tires are flat.

With the FRONT tire FLAT, the Prof TURNS and SHUFFLES to the BACK tire, and RELEASES the AIR.

With the Prof's BACK to him, and the tire deflating, Ned RUNS to the time machine and jumps IN.

The Prof LOOKS UP as the time machine SCREECHES AWAY.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

GUN still in hand and pointing at Arty, Ned taps a destination into the time circuit, it reads:

**OCT 22 2015 09:30 PM**

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get the N.F.L score then  
come back and---

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Let me guess, place a bet?

NED TENNENT  
No, but that's a better idea than  
bragging to my drinking buddies.

Ned LOOKS out of the windshield, at the CLEAR road AHEAD.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
Take us up to eighty-eight.

Arty sighs but puts his FOOT DOWN. The car ACCELERATES.

The speedometer climbs... 86... 87... 88...

There's a blue FLASH in front of the car as the temporal portal opens, then...

NOTHING. They're driving along an IDENTICAL road.

Arty instantly HITS the BRAKES. HARD.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
 Are we really in the future? It  
 looks the same?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 It's TWO days. What did you expect?  
 Drones walking dogs?

NED TENNENT  
 Turn back. We're going to my shop.

**INT. NED'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT**

Ned PUSHES Arty further into the BACK of his SHOP. Arty  
 STUMBLES, almost falling.

Ned MOTIONS towards an ancient, large "PHILCO" REFRIGERATOR.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
 Empty it. Shelves and all.

CONFUSED, Arty OPENS the heavy fridge DOOR. He PULLS the  
 shelves OUT, letting cans and bottles spill over the FLOOR.

Ned MOTIONS into the EMPTY FRIDGE.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
 Get in.

Arty POINTS INSIDE the fridge in CONFUSION.

Ned PUSHES him IN. Arty contorts his body to SQUEEZE in.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)  
 Don't try this at home kids.

Ned SLAMS the door CLOSED, LAUGHING at his own joke, then  
 TURNS and WALKS AWAY.

MUFFLED thumps and BANGS come from INSIDE the fridge.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (O.S.)  
 (muffled)  
 Let me out! Hey, open up!

**INT. INSIDE "PHILCO" FRIDGE - NIGHT**

Pitch BLACK. Then sudden LIGHT from an iPhone DISPLAY, illuminating Arty's FACE and upper body. He unlocks the phone and begins to DIAL. Then he STOPS.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 Arty, you can't call the cops, in case I've already been found dead. Who can I call? Think Arty. Who?

He SCROLLS through his call list. He stops on the number:

**562-996-4484 - RECEIVED 10.15.2015 12:30 AM**

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
 Of course!

He quickly DIALS the mystery number and holds the phone to an EAR. It can be heard RINGING faintly.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT**

The Prof is interrupted by a BURNER cell phone RINGING. He JUMPS, looking around in SURPRISE for the source of the sound. He lifts his cell phone SUSPICIOUSLY from the passenger seat and looks at the DISPLAY.

PUZZLED, he COMPARES the NUMBER to his NOTES and double takes, EXCLAIMING, almost dropping both items.

He presses to ANSWER and lifts the phone to his EAR.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?

**INTERCUT WITH ARTY IN THE REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT**

Arty goes NUTS as he HEARS the Prof's VOICE. He JUMPS, BANGING his HEAD on the refrigerator ROOF.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 (into phone)  
 Prof! Prof, am I glad to hear you!

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (into phone)  
 Arty? Arty, is that you?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, Prof, it's me, Arty.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (into phone)  
 How... How did you get this number?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 (into phone)  
 You called me a week ago. We went  
 on a road trip.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (into phone)  
 We did?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 (into phone)  
 Yes, but that doesn't matter now.  
 You have to help me. I'm trapped  
 and cold and running out of air.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (into phone)  
 Good grief! Where are you trapped?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 (into phone)  
 In a refrigerator.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (into phone)  
 Of course you are.

**INT. NED'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT**

The Prof FLINGS OPEN the REFRIGERATOR DOOR, and Arty FLOPS  
 OUT onto the FLOOR like a dead fish.

The prof FALLS next to Arty. He GRABS him by his arms.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm a popsicle, Prof.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You're alive.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Just... Ned Tennent has the time  
machine. We have to get it back.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Good grief! How? Never mind. Where  
did he go?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
To get the football score, I think.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Where and when did he steal it?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Two days ago. In a hotel lot.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Then that's where we go!

**EXT. HOTEL #2 PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Arty and the Prof STAND by the time machine in the hotel  
lot. Arty's GUITAR playing can be HEARD in the background.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Give me your keys Prof and I'll  
drive it away.

The Prof is about to HAND OVER his KEYS when something  
OCCURS to him. He GRABS his HEAD.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Oh no, of course! We'll create  
duplicates in the same timeline!

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
What do you mean Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, if we take this time machine,  
then we'll create a duplicate of  
it, and us, in the same timeline.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
What do you mean, Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
This time machine is here, and mine  
is over there. We're here and we're  
in Conference Room One, watching  
you play guitar.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
So?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
If neither us or them travels to  
another timeline, then there will  
be two of us. Permanently.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
And that's bad?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
That's catastrophic!

BEHIND them, Ned EMERGES from the HOTEL reception.

The Prof SPOTS HIM and DUCKS DOWN, BEHIND the time machine,  
PULLING Arty DOWN with him.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Now what?

The Prof HOLDS his FINGER to his MOUTH to SILENCE him. The  
Prof POINTS behind the car and WHISPERS an answer.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Ned.

The Prof MOTIONS Arty to the BACK of the CAR.

Arty TURNS and begins to CREEP that way.

He SEES Ned APPROACHING and turns BACK to the Prof, WAVING  
him urgently in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



They quickly CRAWL to the FRONT of the CAR...

...JUST as Ned APPEARS at the BACK.

Ned SEARCHES for the KEYHOLE, CROUCHING down. His KEYS FALL from his POCKET, hitting the GROUND with a metallic CLINK.

Eventually he FINDS the LOCK by the door and UNLOCKS it. It OPENS with a HISS. He climbs IN and turns the ignition ON.

The displays spring to LIFE. He STROKES the time circuits.

NED TENNENT

I knew it. I always knew it.

Ned SLAMS the door. REVERSES the car back, then SHOOTS FORWARD into the night.

LEAVING Arty and the Prof COWERING on the lot GROUND.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Do you know where he goes?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Yeah, his auto repair shop.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Then that's where we go.

Arty POINTS to the KEYS lying on the lot GROUND.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

What about his keys?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Leave them, so you can take them.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

(confused)

Whatever you say, Prof.

The prof RUNS and a BEWILDERED Arty FOLLOWS.

**EXT. NED'S AUTO BODY REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT**

Arty and the Prof WALK up to Ned's repair shop CROUCHED, keeping to the SHADOWS.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
The time machine and Ned are in  
there?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
If not now, they will be soon.

The Prof WAVES Arty into some BUSHES. They take COVER.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Then we show up, he takes you and  
the time machine, and I follow in  
his car?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Yeah, his car that we show up in.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
And we drive until a truck blocks  
the road. I refuel the time  
machine, train him in its  
operation, disable his car so I  
can't follow, and you and him jump  
two days into the future? Where you  
get into his refrigerator?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Spot on, Prof.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I must say, we're very  
accommodating to Ned?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Oh, that's 'cos he has a gun.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
A gun?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
And he threatens to kill us. Lots.  
Should we go in now and get the  
time machine?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Change of plan. We need backup.

**EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter DRIVES down a suburban road, closely FOLLOWED by the Prof in Ned's Supra.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

Arty rounds a CORNER and the entire road is BLOCKED by a sewage vacuum tank TRUCK. He hits the BRAKES hard.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Shit!

**EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD #2 - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter SLIDES sideways as it BRAKES, just AVOIDING a WORKER and the TRUCK. The WORKER RUNS from the car.

The Prof also just manages to STOP the Supra without a collision, SLIDING the opposite way to a SCREECHING HALT.

Ned leaps OUT of the car. Arty follows SLOWLY.

Ned WAVES Arty to the FRONT of the CAR. He MOVES to the FRONT, his BACK to the TRUCK, his GUN in Arty's BACK.

The Prof SLOWLY CLIMBS OUT of Ned's car.

NED TENNENT

Why didn't it time travel?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

It's broken.

NED TENNENT

Bullshit! You're not a hundred and fifty, so it works. Fix it, or he gets really great parking.

The Prof HESITATES.

NED TENNENT (CONT'D)

Although he already looks broken to me.

Ned MOCKS Arty by WAVING his ARMS around in a JERKY way, making an exaggerated MOANING sound.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Don't rise to it Prof. My dignity  
can be mocked, but it can't be  
taken unless it's surrendered.

NED TENNENT

I'm about to take more than his  
dignity, Professor.

Ned COCKS the GUN with a loud CLICKING sound. The Prof MOVES  
forward to the time machine, LEANS in behind the passenger  
seat and PULLS OUT a metal BOX, with black on yellow  
RADIOACTIVITY warning symbols on it.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Prof, no.

NED TENNENT

You mean this sucker's nuclear?

A SECOND Prof EMERGES from the SHADOWS, by the Supra.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN #2

None of your goddamn business,  
Tennent!

Everyone is SHOCKED to see the second Prof.

NED TENNENT

What the... How?

Arty TURNS BACK to Ned, and SEES ANOTHER Arty STANDING on a  
PLATFORM on the FRONT of the sewage TRUCK, BEHIND Ned. Arty  
POINTS at the SECOND Arty. Ned SEES Arty POINT BEHIND HIM.

NED TENNENT

You think I'm going to fall for  
that?

BEHIND Ned, the second Arty COUGHS.

Ned TURNS SLOWLY to see WHO coughed just as Arty #2 DIVES  
forward and PUNCHES Ned squarely on the chin.

Ned SPINS under the BLOW, just as Arty #1 LEAPS forward and  
PUNCHES Ned AGAIN, SPINNING him in the OPPOSITE direction.

Ned FALLS like a sack of shit, out COLD.

ARTY MCDERMOTT #2  
Get out of here, now.

Arty #2 JUMPS down and grabs Ned's GUN, THROWING it as FAR as he can.

ARTY MCDERMOTT #2 (CONT'D)  
Don't even go back to the hotel.

A SMILING Arty #1 STARES at HIMSELF.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
But how?

Prof #2 THROWS the BOX of Plutonium into the BACK of the time machine.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN #2  
He's right, you really must go now.  
Before Ned wakes.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Thank you. I don't know how you  
knew, but thank you.

Arty #1 RUNS to the time machine and CLIMBS IN. The SECOND Arty RUNS past the car and STANDS WITH the SECOND Prof.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN #2  
I need Ned's car keys.

Confused, Prof #1 HANDS them OVER.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN #2 (CONT'D)  
Now go.

As the Prof CLIMBS into the time machine, the SECOND Prof THROWS the Supra KEYS as FAR as he can.

The SECOND Arty and Prof RUN away from the TRUCK as the ORIGINAL PAIR SCREECH AWAY in the Hofstetter time machine, leaving an unconscious Ned LYING in front of the truck.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT**

Arty CLIMBS into the passenger seat as the Prof ENTERS a destination into the time circuit controls. It reads:

OCT 14 2015 08:24 AM

ARTY MCDERMOTT #2  
What happened to never meeting  
yourself?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN #2  
I figured, what the hell?

The Prof FIRES up the car and they SCREECH away.

**EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD #2 - NIGHT**

The second time machine ROARS passed the still unconscious  
Ned LYING in front of the truck.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

Arty #2 leans back in the passenger seat. He's very PALE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT #2  
Hey, Prof, how do we know if we  
were successful, if the other Prof  
and Arty got away?

Something is definitely WRONG with Arty #2. Not only is he  
as PALE as a ghost, but he's also slightly TRANSPARENT.

The Prof SMILES at Arty #2.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN #2  
That's easy. The second they're  
safe, that whole future loop will  
close, snap shut, cease to exist.  
And I'm afraid that you will...

The Prof is already talking to an EMPTY seat.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN #2  
...disappear.

The Prof SMILES in approval, and GUNS the car.

**EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD #3 - NIGHT**

The silver Hofstetter Turbo POWERS down the EMPTY road. As it reaches the critical 88 mph BLUE STREAKS appear in front and along the body work.

The car tears open a temporal portal. It is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW - then, BLAM!

It's gone. Leaving a TRAIL OF FIRE in its wake.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING**

Golden light STREAMS into the car, casting harsh shadows. The car is in a rundown suburban area.

Arty SLEEPS in the passenger seat.

A visibly drained Prof DRIVES.

The Prof reaches over and SHAKES Arty AWAKE.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Wake up Arty. We're here.

Arty WAKES, stretches and looks around through BLEARY eyes.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Where is here?

**EXT. SPRING TIME RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

**SUPER: WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 21 07:28 AM**

Prof STEERS the car to the KERB. It pulls up outside a large building that has seen better days. The small lawn DEAD. A faded, depressing SIGN reads:

**SPRING TIME RETIREMENT HOME**

This is the sort of place you retire to if your life did not go the way you intended.

**INT. SPRING TIME RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTION - DAY**

Arty and the Prof step through an OUTSIDE DOOR and into the reception area. It is UNMANNED. A CORRIDOR leads to resident ROOMS.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Great security.

The Prof WALKS down the CORRIDOR and EXAMINES the NAMES by the DOORS. Arty RUNS to catch him up.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Check that side. We're looking for  
HUGH LEWIS.

Arty NODS and CHECKS the NAMES on his side. He FINDS it almost immediately.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Prof, got it.

Arty POINTS to the NAME on the door. It reads:

**HUGH LEWIS**

**INT. HUGH LEWIS' ROOM - DAY**

The room is DARK. The DRAPES CLOSED. A MAN SLEEPS in a single BED. The room is decorated in 80's MEMORABILIA.

Prof and Arty SNEAK IN, closing the door QUIETLY.

They CREEP over to the SLEEPING man.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
(whispers)  
How are we going to wake him  
without killing him?

HUGH LEWIS  
You mean you're not here to rob me?

HUGH LEWIS, 77, opens one eye to look at Arty. He's white-haired, with eyes sunken under wrinkles and a permanent frown, but his jaw is still square and dimpled.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
No, of course not.  
(to the Prof)  
We're not, right?

The Prof SHAKES his head.



HUGH LEWIS  
 Good, 'cos I ain't got nothing  
 worth stealing anyways.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 You've got crotchety in your old  
 age, young man.

Hugh's HEAD SPRINGS across to LOOK at the Professor.

HUGH LEWIS  
 Prof, is that you? Is that really  
 you?

The Prof SMILES, opening his ARMS out WIDE. Hugh RETURNS the  
 GESTURE.

The Prof LEANS DOWN to HUG him like a long-lost brother.  
 They laugh as they EMBRACE.

HUGH LEWIS (CONT'D)  
 We're the same age so you must  
 still be causing trouble with that  
 time travelling automobile?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Only when it's strictly necessary.  
 I learnt that a long time ago.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 What? Wait, he knows about the time  
 machine? Who is he, and how's he  
 gonna fix my life?

The Professor SIGHS and DROPS into a bedside CHAIR.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 You'd better sit down. I've got a  
 confession to make.

Arty stays STANDING.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 What is it Prof? You're scaring me.

HUGH LEWIS  
 Who is this guy?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 We're not here to 'fix' your life.  
 I wouldn't know where to start. I  
 got you here so you two can meet.

Arty STUMBLES back, like a boxer taking a right hook.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 You said this would be life  
 changing?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Oh, it will be.

HUGH LEWIS  
 Why do you want me to meet this  
 punk?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 So you'd understand why I couldn't  
 give you your life back.

HUGH LEWIS & ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 (simultaneously)  
 Who is he?

Hugh and Arty GIVE each other a PERPLEXED LOOK.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 He's you. Arty McDermott meet Arty  
 McDermott.

Arty eventually TRIES to SIT, but MISSES the CHAIR by the  
 bed completely and SLIDES to the FLOOR, SPEECHLESS.

Hugh begins to GASP, unable to breath. He holds his CHEST.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Don't say I kill you.

The Prof GRABS Hugh.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
 Call an ambulance, Arty!

**INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - DAY**

The Prof SITS in a waiting area WATCHING Arty PACE.

He takes a NEWSPAPER from the coffee table in front of him.

The NEWSPAPER is "USA TODAY". Under a HEADING of "ELECTION 2016" is a PICTURE of the leading CANDIDATE, DONALD TRUMP.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 What is it with the American public  
 and choosing presidents? If he's  
 elected, we're going to see some  
 serious shit.

Arty finally SPEAKS.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 How could you not tell me Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 I was ashamed. Ashamed that my  
 invention robbed a boy of his life.

Arty SITS NEXT to the Prof, surprised by his answer.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Why didn't you just send him back  
 to the future?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 I couldn't Arty. I didn't know how.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 I don't understand?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 He turned up the week before you.

**INT. PROF'S 1955 HOUSE (FLASHBACK)**

Famous scientist from history adorn a wall above a fire place. A younger Prof SITS in a chair, wearing a smoking jacket, staring at a YOUNG MAN STOOD by a lamp.

The young man is the ORIGINAL ARTY MCDERMOTT, 17, he has a dark-haired wedge and is more serious looking then the

SECOND Arty. He wears a black jacket over a black sweater.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (V.O.)

Another Arty McDermott out of time.  
 Except unlike you, he didn't come  
 with a lightning strike flyer. I  
 didn't know how to generate one  
 point two-one jigowatts of  
 electricity. So I hid him.

(a beat)

Imagine my surprise when you turned  
 up a week later. I thought he'd put  
 you up to it.

**INT. TYPICAL 1955 SODA FOUNTAIN (FLASHBACK CONT'D)**

WILLIAM MCDERMOTT, 17, a 50's teenager, with a hair parting,  
 and buzz-cut back and sides, sits eating breakfast.

ORIGINAL Arty, with a floppy, dark-haired fringe and dark  
 clothing, SLOWLY SLIDES into view, from BEHIND William,  
 eyeing him all over in SHOCK.

PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN (V.O., CONT'D)

He did the things you did. He'd run  
 into Bill and Ned before he found  
 me. He even turned your Mom's head.

**INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - DAY (SAME)**

The Prof SITS LOOKING at Arty.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)

I got him out of town. Helped him  
 start a new life with a new name.  
 He became a fifties teenager.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I don't understand. Where did I  
 come from? Why did I have the  
 flyer?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

He changed history just enough to  
 make Arty you and not him. When I  
 got to the eighties, I made sure I

(MORE)

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (cont'd)  
 knew you and your family, and that  
 you had a flyer for the lightning.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 But how is he still here, if he  
 became me? Why didn't he fade out?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 There are two models of time. The  
 spacetime block, that you've just  
 described, and the multiverse  
 theory. The fact that he's still  
 here is proof that reality is  
 somewhere between the two.

Arty SCREWS up his face, NOT really UNDERSTANDING.

**INT. HUGH LEWIS' HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Arty and the Prof STAND by Hugh's hospital BED. Monitoring  
 equipment BLEEPs faintly behind him.

HUGH LEWIS  
 Why are you here, Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 So you can meet the new Arty. And  
 to beg for your forgiveness.

Hugh laughs a CROAKY LAUGH.

HUGH LEWIS  
 You don't need my forgiveness. You  
 helped me far more than I deserved.  
 You didn't ask me to STEAL the time  
 machine.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 You STOLE the time machine?

HUGH LEWIS  
 I was a bad boy back then. It  
 wasn't your fault, Prof.

The Prof PATS Hugh's HAND.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Thank you. That means everything.

HUGH LEWIS  
(to Arty)  
Did you make the most of my life,  
Arty McDermott?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Yeah, I think I did.

HUGH LEWIS  
And Suzy?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Married since the eighties.

HUGH LEWIS  
Children?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It just never happened for us.

HUGH LEWIS  
Me neither. Keep living it well.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I will. I promise.

HUGH LEWIS  
And keep fighting the Parkinson's.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
How did you...?

HUGH LEWIS  
I live in a retirement home. I know  
the symptoms.  
(a beat)  
I went to nineteen eighty-five  
Elmdale once. To see you and Suzy.  
Except your Suzy wasn't my Suzy.  
One of us even changed her.  
(MORE)

HUGH LEWIS (cont'd)

(a beat)

There I was, a forty-seven year old man, crying in the street, 'cos his seventeen year old girlfriend, from thirty years ago, was gone.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I'm sorry.

HUGH LEWIS

I did this to me. I had this photo of Marc, Wendy and me. I'm stood by a cartwheel. When the future changed we all disappeared. I don't even remember what they look like.

(a beat)

Now get outta here. I need to sleep.

Arty and the Prof WALK to the DOOR.

Arty WALKS THROUGH.

The Prof STOPS by the DOOR, and TURNS BACK to Hugh.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Goodbye, Hugh Lewis. Sleep well,  
Arty McDermott.

**EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY**

Arty STANDS by the time machine, WATCHING a REFLECTIVE Prof SHUFFLE to the CAR, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

You ok, Prof?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Not really. It's hard to say  
goodbye.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Yeah, I've got some experience with  
that.

**EXT. CALIFORNIAN EXPRESSWAY - DAY**

The Hofstetter speeds TOWARDS and UNDER a raised camera.

**EXT. CALIFORNIAN FREEWAY - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter Turbo APPEARS from UNDER, and speeds AWAY from a raised camera, into the night.

**EXT. MULTILANE CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

A SUBDUED, THOUGHTFUL Arty STARES out of the passenger door WINDOW as the Hofstetter SPEEDS along the highway.

The car SIGNALS and MOVES towards an EXIT ramp.

The SIGN above the EXIT reads "ELMDALE".

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

Arty suddenly PERKS UP, sitting UPRIGHT in his seat.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Hey, pull into the next rest area.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
But we're nearly home?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I can't wait.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I guess I could drink a soda.

**EXT. REST AREA - NIGHT**

Arty DROPS a NEW PLUTONIUM rod into the time machine reactor loading hopper, REFUELLING it. It seals shut with a HISS.

Suddenly the Prof APPEARS by the car, soda in hand, SMILING.

Arty looks at the EMPTY fuel rod container in his HAND, then THROWS it into the CAR, behind the driver's seat, BEFORE the Prof can SEE it.



ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm driving.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT**

Arty GETS IN first and immediately starts to KEY A DATE into the time travel CIRCUITS.

The Prof climbs SLOWLY in and CLOSES his DOOR, his BACK to Arty, his actions with the time circuits UNSEEN.

Arty CLOSES HIS DOOR and immediately PULLS OFF in the car.

**EXT. EMPTY ROAD - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter Turbo time machine THUNDERS DOWN the EMPTY, open ROAD, picking up SPEED.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

The Prof looks PERPLEXED.

Arty looks DETERMINED.

The Prof GLANCES at the speedometer, as it hits 60... 61...

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, what are you doing?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
What I should have done from the start. I'm taking control. I'm fixing my own timeline.

The Prof LOOKS at the time circuit DISPLAY. The destination reads:

**JUNE 20 2014 10:00 AM**

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
What's that destination, Arty?

Arty continues to GUN the CAR. It ACCELERATES past 70.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

It's the day Suzy first noticed her symptoms. She didn't go to a Doctor for weeks. I'm gonna make sure she does.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

And what will that achieve, Arty?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I dunno. Maybe she'll be cured?  
Maybe she'll live longer?

The speedometer reaches 80... 81...

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

And maybe she'll just worry for longer? Maybe it will just ruin all the happy times you had before she got ill?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I'm willing to take that chance.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

I get it. But, it's a tough call.

The speedometer climbs... 85... 86... 87...

Arty SLAMS on the BRAKES with a huge SCREECH.

**EXT. EMPTY ROAD - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter Turbo time machine SCREECHES to a wobbling HALT. Leaving SKID MARKS along the ROAD.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR - NIGHT**

Arty and the Prof are THROWN about as the car comes to a violent emergency STOP.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

No, this ain't right.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Time travel isn't the answer, Arty.

Arty NODS, then has a MOMENT of REALIZATION.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Or, maybe it is.

Arty LEANS FORWARD and PUNCHES NEW DIGITS into the time circuits. The destination now READS:

**OCT 28 1955 06:00 PM**

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I don't understand?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It's the day before the first trip  
back to 1955.

Once again, Arty GUNS the car rapidly FORWARD. Throwing the Prof BACK in his seat.

**EXT. EMPTY ROAD - NIGHT**

The Hofstetter Turbo time machine once more THUNDERS down the EMPTY, OPEN ROAD, picking up SPEED.

As it reaches the critical 88 mph BLUE STREAKS appear in front and along the body work. The car tears open a temporal portal. It is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW - then, BLAM!

It's GONE. Leaving a TRAIL OF FIRE in its wake.

**EXT. PROF VON BRAUN'S 1955 MANSION - NIGHT**

Arty swings the Hofstetter into the DRIVEWAY of the Prof's 1955 family mansion, passed the ornate "1460" sign.

He PARKS it in front of the Prof's GARAGE, HIDDEN by a tall HEDGE. The silver 1980's wedge car looks hopelessly out of place in the 1950's.

Arty LEAPS from the car, the Prof SLOWLY, cautiously EMERGES, looking around ANXIOUSLY for onlookers.

Arty STRIDES towards the house, up the sloped drive.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Arty, I strongly advise against  
 whatever you're planning.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Don't try to stop me, Prof.

**EXT. FRONT DOOR, PROF'S 1955 MANSION - NIGHT**

Arty KNOCKS impatiently on the dark wooden DOOR, with warm light spilling out from lead glass panes.

The 1997 Prof EXCLAIMS, then HIDES beside the door, flat against the wall.

The DOOR OPENS and the 1955 Prof, wearing a silver jacket with black lapels and cuffs, pops his HEAD OUT.

He REGARDS Arty in his 2015 clothes with SUSPICION.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Doctor Reese Foley?

Arty PAUSES, THINKING INTENSELY.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Yes!

The YOUNGER Prof TURNS his BACK and WALKS INSIDE.

Arty STEPS IN, MOTIONING the 1997 Prof to FOLLOW HIM.

**INT. PROF'S 1955 MANSION - NIGHT**

The interior of the mansion is sumptuous dark wood.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Come in. I must say, you look  
 nothing like your photograph.

Staying LOW, the OLD Prof SNEAKS IN BEHIND Arty and FALLS BEHIND a SOFA. Arty CLOSES the front DOOR.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 So who's photograph do I look like?

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Ah, the famous Doctor Foley wit.  
 Please, sit.

Arty SITS STIFFLY on the SOFA with the 1997 Prof BEHIND IT.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
 I've been looking forward to  
 discussing your work on precision  
 determination of the magnetic  
 moment of the electron.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Of course you have. Who wouldn't?  
 But first. I have to tell you  
 something. Something important. You  
 might want to take notes.

The YOUNGER Prof SMILES and TAPS his HEAD.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Photographic memory.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (whispers)  
 It is. He's a genius.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 I have to tell you about a  
 lightning strike.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (whispers)  
 No, you don't

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Yes I do.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Ok. Which lightning strike?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 A future one.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (whispers)  
 Probably.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Probably.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN

Are you telling me you know how to predict lightning strikes with a high degree of probability?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Yes.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

(whispers)

No.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

No? No, not with high probability, but with absolute... precision.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN

Good grief! Fascinating. Go on.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

(whispers)

You don't have to do this.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

I do! Go on... I talk too much.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN

You've said very little so far.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

(whispers)

You've said too much.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

If I tell you the precise time and location of a lightning strike, can you promise me that you'll remember it?

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN

I don't know why, but yes.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (whispers)  
 I know what you're trying to do. It  
 won't work.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 It won't work?

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 I can assure you it will. My memory  
 is infallible. Are you ok, Doctor?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (whispers)  
 Get rid of me...him.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 No not really. Can I have a glass  
 of water, please?

The YOUNGER Prof LEAVES the room, utterly CONFUSED.

The OLD Prof sticks his HEAD UP from BEHIND the SOFA, like a  
 PERISCOPE, and LOOKS AROUND.

Seeing the YOUNG Prof GONE, he BOLTS for the DOOR. FLINGING  
 it wide OPEN and jumping OUT.

Arty instinctively FOLLOWS him.

**EXT. PROF VON BRAUN'S 1955 MANSION - NIGHT**

The 1997 Prof TURNS BACK to FACE Arty.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 I know what you're trying to do.  
 Are you sure this is what you want?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 I've never been surer of anything  
 in my life.

The Prof PUTS a HAND on Arty's SHOULDER.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 Are you sure this isn't a permanent  
 solution to a temporary problem?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

You shouldn't have to carry all  
that guilt, for all those years.  
I'm going to take it away from you.  
Besides, I stole someone's life.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Thank you Arty. That's remarkable.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

You deserve it Prof.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Right, well, we need to do this  
properly. We need to ask young me  
for a lead box. It's doesn't have  
to be too thick. It will only be  
for a day.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

A lead box? Why?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

To store the Plutonium rod safely,  
of course. He has to send Arty back  
to the future the minute you...  
he... arrives tomorrow.

The Prof suddenly GASPS, LOOKING OVER Arty's SHOULDER.

Arty TURNS to SEE what he's SEEN.

Stood BEHIND THEM is an OPEN-MOUTHED 1955 Prof, holding a  
GLASS of WATER.

The glass FALLS from his HAND and SMASHES.

1955 PROF & 1997 PROF

Good grief!

The TWO Professors STARE INCREDULOUSLY at each other.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)

I know exactly what's going on  
here.



ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Oh, that's great Prof. That will  
 save us loads of time---

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
 You're SOVIET SPIES!

He POINTS at 1997 Prof.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)  
 You've had UNCONVINCING plastic  
 surgery to impersonate me. Your  
 mission is to force me to make a  
 Plutonium A-bomb!

The 1955 Professor TURNS and RUNS into the HOUSE.

Arty and the 1997 Prof give each other a DISAPPOINTED GLANCE  
 BEFORE they WALK into the mansion after him.

**INT. PROF'S 1955 MANSION - NIGHT**

They find the 1995 Professor standing pointing a LUGER  
 PISTOL at them.

Arty and the Prof throw their ARMS UP in surrender.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 He's got a gun.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 This is ridiculous, the Soviet  
 Union has had Plutonium-based  
 nuclear weapons for six years.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
 Where did he... you... get a Luger?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
 (to Arty)  
 They were standard issue in the  
 war.  
 (to the younger Prof)  
 The Soviets don't need Plutonium  
 weapons. They test a thermonuclear  
 hydrogen bomb next month.

Arty turns to give the Prof a MORTIFIED look.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Not helpful, Prof.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You seem to know a lot about Commie  
A-bombs? And you, Doctor Foley, I  
didn't have you pegged for a spy.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Are you sure he's a genius?

The younger Professor MOTIONS with the gun for them to MOVE  
further into the house.

**INT. PROF'S 1955 MANSION LANDING - NIGHT**

Arty and the Professor STAND inside a BEDROOM, ARMS still  
raised in SURRENDER. STANDING the OTHER SIDE of the DOORWAY,  
pointing the GUN, is the YOUNGER Professor.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
No monkey business or I shoot.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
You really don't want to do that.

The YOUNGER Professor, still pointing the GUN, pulls the  
bedroom door CLOSED, shutting them inside, then TURNS the  
lock KEY.

He places the gun on a small TABLE, next to a black Western  
Electric model 500 TELEPHONE.

He lifts the receiver and DIALS 9-1-1.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
(into phone)  
Yes. I need to report Soviet spies,  
in my house.  
(a beat)  
Yes, it's Professor von Braun. How-  
(a beat)  
Not a drop, and deadly serious.  
Just send a patrol car, and hurry.

**INT. PROF'S 1955 MANSION BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The Prof LISTENS at the door, then holds his HANDS on his HEAD in despair.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
The Police will call the  
Government. They will dismantle the  
Hofstetter... Then us!

Arty looks around the room for ESCAPE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It's your house. How do we get out?

The Prof LOOKS around the room, THINKING.

He walks to a SCREEN against a WALL, and MOVES it, REVEALING a DOOR!

He SMILES in triumph. Theatrically grabs the handle, turns it, and flings the door open to REVEAL...

The inside of a CLOSET, full of 50's shirts.

Arty FROWNS in disappointment, then runs to a WINDOW, opens it and CLIMBS out.

**EXT. PROF VON BRAUN'S 1955 MANSION VERANDA - NIGHT**

Arty is on a second floor VERANDA surrounding the front of the mansion, enclosed by a RAILING.

He runs to the rail and LOOKS DOWN, then UP.

The Prof APPEARS behind him.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
It's too far to jump onto stone.

Arty quickly UNDOES his trouser BELT, pulling it fluidly through his jean loops.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Follow me.

He climbs precariously onto the railing, WOBBLING.

Keeping hold of one end, Arty THROWS HIS BELT over a TELEPHONE WIRE running from under the roof above him, over the lawn, over the hedge, to a pole on the street beyond.

He GRABS hold of the BELT end he threw over the WIRE, twisting it around his hand.

Without a pause, he LAUNCHES HIMSELF OFF THE RAIL!

He SLIDES along the phone wire, like a zip wire, over the lawn towards the HEDGE by the garage, shouting in FRIGHT for the entire length of the slide.

He HITS the HEDGE, lets go and drops onto the tiled drive.

He turns and signals for the Prof to FOLLOW him.

The Prof CLIMBS onto the rail. WOBBLING even more than Arty. He looks TERRIFIED as he THROWS his own BELT over the line.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I'm not the man I once was.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
If I can do it so can you.

The Prof closes his eyes and JUMPS, SLIDING down the cable!

Arty turns and RUNS into the GARAGE.

Just before he hits the hedge, the line SNAPS behind the Prof, and he SLAMS into the HEDGE, FALLS down, hits the drive HARD and FALLS onto his BACK, winded.

Arty re-appears dragging a large cloth CAR COVER.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
No time for a rest.

The Prof climbs up and together they COVER the Hofstetter time machine in the sheet.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Arty, we could just leave?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Not a chance.

Behind them, a POLICE CAR pulls up at the end of the drive.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Get rid of the cops.

Arty turns and RUNS into the GARAGE, hiding.

The Prof TURNS to the POLICE walking up the drive.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
They escaped. They went towards the  
town square. If you're quick,  
you'll catch them.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
(suspicious)  
You look awful Professor. Like  
you've aged overnight.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I've always been mature for my age.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
(suspicious)  
Is that so?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
They did spray something into my  
face. Perhaps it was Commie aging  
spray?

The Police look determined at each other, suddenly  
CONVINCED, they TURN and RUN back to their car.

Arty APPEARS from the garage as the Police car pulls away.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Commie aging spray?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
It worked didn't it?

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Not on me.

They TURN to see the YOUNGER Professor stood BEHIND them,  
still pointing the Luger PISTOL.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Wait, lets us show you something.

Slowly, cautiously, Arty SLIDES the cover back, REVEALING the silver Hofstetter Turbo TIME MACHINE.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN

What is it? Some sort of specialized weather sensing equipment?

ARTY MCDERMOTT

It's a time machine. You built it. Tomorrow, a teenager will use it to travel back from nineteen eighty-five, marooning himself in nineteen fifty-five.

(a beat)

We want to give you the Plutonium that will fuel his return to his own time.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN

It will take more than a fancy Go Kart to convince me.

Arty REACHERS into his POCKET for his cell PHONE.

The older Prof puts a hand on his arm to STOP him.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

You... we... never get over the guilt and shame of ruining his life. We watch him grow up out of his time. Please. Let us right that wrong. Please?

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN

You're serious, aren't you?

The younger Professor slowly LOWERS the PISTOL.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN (CONT'D)

One day. I will store the Plutonium for one day, and then I'm calling the F.B.I.

Arty stands on the SNAPPED telephone WIRE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Good luck with that.

The OLDER Prof TURNS to FACE Arty.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Are you sure this is what you want?  
You and your Suzy may never be  
born. Ned will be a bully. Your  
family unhappy?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Suzy and I had a great life, but  
she's gone. Besides, the future  
hasn't been written yet. It can be  
anything we want. Maybe the Prof  
can make sure the McDermott's have  
a great future?

They BOTH TURN slowly to look QUIZZICALLY at the YOUNGER  
Professor.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
The McDermotts have been my family.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Just make sure William is a boxer.  
And a writer. And keep Eileen away  
from vodka, and twinkies.

YOUNGER PROF LATHROP VON BRAUN  
It will be my lifetime's work.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR (1955) - NIGHT - TRAVELLING**

Arty and the Prof sit in the car. The Prof drives. The ROAD  
outside is EMPTY.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
So, haven't we just created some  
sort of paradox?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
No, time travel does not require  
causal loops. Energy, particles and  
events are free to be temporally  
(MORE)

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (cont'd)  
displaced without violating  
entropy.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
English, Prof.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
The universe is just fine with  
paradoxes. No one wrote "Johnny B.  
Goode". No one built the time  
machine, and now never will.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Wow, hold the phone. You built the  
time machine. You designed the  
Temporal Field Capacitor.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
I designed it, but I couldn't build  
it. The car you went back to  
nineteen fifty-five in, was the  
same one that the original Arty  
left here. I just took really good  
care of it.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Wait, but you had blueprints?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Reverse engineered.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
So, who created the car that the  
original Arty went back to nineteen  
fifty-five in?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
No one. It was from nineteen  
fifty-five. I just added Plutonium.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Far out.



PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
But, if the original Arty goes back  
in it, then it won't be there in  
nineteen eighty-five for him to  
steal, because nineteen fifty-five  
me won't be able to build it. The  
loop will snap shut and the time  
machine will never exist.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
That's blowing my mind. So, will  
any of this happen? Have happened?  
Has happened? Will we even exist?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Maybe it will just be original Arty  
and the original me.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I can't even deal...

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
So, Arty, where do you want to go  
with our last Plutonium fuel rod?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Does my nineteen eighty-five still  
exist. Can we travel to it?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
So long as we leave nineteen  
fifty-five before the original Arty  
travels back, then yes. Currently  
this timeline still results in him  
being stranded and you being born.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Then let's go back to our future,  
one last time.

**EXT. ELMDALE TOWN SQUARE (1955) - NIGHT**

The silver, modified Hofstetter Turbo time machine, with  
Arty and the Prof inside, TEARS along the dark EMPTY road,  
picking up speed.

Suddenly, it reaches the critical 88 mph, and blue streaks appear in front and along the body work. The car tears open a temporal portal. It is engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW - then, BLAM!

It's GONE. Leaving a twin TRAIL OF FIRE in its wake.

**EXT. ELMDALE TOWN SQUARE (1985) - DAY**

**SUPER: SEPT 20 1985 07:23 AM**

Suddenly, a SHARP BLAST OF WIND comes up out of nowhere, along with a DEAFENING SONIC BOOM - and the HOFSTETTER TURBO TIME MACHINE APPEARS, still going at 88 m.p.h.!

The Prof hits the car's brakes HARD. Its wheels lock up and the Hofstetter comes to a SCREECHING HALT, covered in ice, smoke and water vapour pouring off the bodywork.

It's early morning in September 1985 and there's no one around to witness the Hofstetter time machine arrive.

The Prof pulls the car over to the kerb.

A CLOCK on the BANK reads 7:23 AM.

**INT. HOFSTETTER TURBO CAR (1985) - DAY**

Arty sits up in his seat SCANNING the 1985 Elmdale TOWN SQUARE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

Wow, it's surreal to be back here after thirty years. It's like being in a dream.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN

Only twelve years to me. It's cleaner, but the same.

ARTY MCDERMOTT

It looks empty without the outdoor three-dee cinema on the green.

The Prof gives Arty an open-mouthed AMAZED look. Then he realizes he's being TRICKED.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Oh, you're joking.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I couldn't resist.

Arty suddenly POINTS out of the windshield at a TEENAGE COUPLE walking hand in hand.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Wait, is that me... I mean them?

They SQUINT at the couple.

It's NOT them. The teenage boy STEPS OFF the kerb and is almost HIT by a CAR.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Teenagers blithely skip off to uncertain futures, while their parents sit at home worrying, because the adolescent brain isn't yet formed enough to evaluate risk.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Are you describing  
seventeen-year-old me?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
And maybe sixty-five-year-old me.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Wait, won't they recognise the car?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
They've not seen it yet.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
Oh yeah.

Arty pulls out a FOLDED piece of PAPER from a pocket. He UNFOLDS it.

It's the Prof's PRINT of a WEBPAGE, the ringed DATE still reads:

**OCTOBER 21 2015**

Underneath is the same recent PICTURE of Arty, but the HEADLINE now reads:

**MUSIC EXECUTIVE DISAPPEARS**

The headline and the article text are now FADED and impossible to read.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I think we're almost, literally,  
out of time.

Suddenly, Arty SPOTS a 17 year ARTY and SUZY walking BY THE CAR, on HIS SIDE.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Prof, look.

Arty COVERS HIS FACE, HIDING from them.

The Prof SPOTS them.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Good grief!

They WALK to the FRONT of the CAR, and stop, utterly UNAWARE of the occupants WATCHING them in amazement.

Arty PULLS Suzy towards him... they're about to KISS... closer, CLOSER... Finally, their LIPS MEET.

Arty WATCHES his younger self in WONDER. He's captivated by the youthful BEAUTY of Suzy.

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
I'm blown away Prof. Thank you.

The moment STRETCHES.

Young Arty and Suzy are STILL KISSING.

Their kissing lingers... and lingers... and LINGERS...

The SMILES SLOWLY FADE from the Prof's and Arty's faces.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Get a room guys.

Finally, they BREAK and WALK away hand in hand.

Arty leans forward and WATCHES them walk away, CONTENT.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)  
Let's go for a ride.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN  
Where to?

ARTY MCDERMOTT  
It doesn't matter

**EXT. ELMDALE TOWN SQUARE (1985) - DAY**

The Hofstetter PULLS OUT and heads towards the BOARDED-UP MOVIE THEATRE at the end of the square.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (O.S., CONT'D)  
So, what happens to us now? Will we  
fade away soon?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
Maybe this is a new multiverse and  
we get to live here?

ARTY MCDERMOTT (O.S.)  
But we don't belong in this time?

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
I can probably get more Plutonium?

The car reaches the END of the street, makes a TURN, and  
DISAPPEARS from VIEW.

Leaving just the EMPTY ROAD leading up to the MOVIE THEATER.

ARTY MCDERMOTT (O.S.)  
Hey Prof, thanks for everything.  
It's been real.

PROFESSOR LATHROP VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
Only some of it, Arty. Only some of  
it.

FADE OUT

THE END

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**PLEASE NOTE:**

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The "Out of Time" screenplay is a work of fan fiction and is not intended to be used for any financial gain. Please see the disclaimer at the start of this screenplay.

It was created for three main reasons:

1. To promote the work of the Michael J. Fox Foundation (MJFF).
2. To show people what another "Back To The Future" movie could look like, with all of the current constraints.
3. As an intellectual exercise, and for the sheer fun of playing in (/ near) this sandbox.

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